The Ghost of a Lonely Boy
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/28881303.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Categories:
Gen, M/M

Fandom:
僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Relationships:
Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Hagakure Tooru & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Todoroki Shouto, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi

Characters:
Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Hagakure Tooru, Shinsou Hitoshi, Todoroki Shouto, Takami Keigo | Hawks, Dabi (My Hero Academia), Yagi Toshinori | All Might

Additional Tags:
Ghost Midoriya Izuku, Parental Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Parental Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku is a Ray of Sunshine, Midoriya Izuku is a Little Shit, Midoriya Izuku Needs A Hug, Midoriya Izuku Needs A Break, Worried Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead is So Done, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead Needs a Break, Established Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Hurt Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Deaf Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic is a Ray of Sunshine, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic is a Mess, Fluff, Family Fluff, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Light Angst, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Father-Son Relationship, Father Figures, Family Feels, Family Bonding, Dadzawa, Dadmic, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Todoroki Shouto Needs a Hug, Shinsou Hitoshi Replaces Mineta Minoru, Shinsou Hitoshi is Bad at

Feelings, Soft Dabi (My Hero Academia), Soft Takami Keigo | Hawks, Yagi Toshinori | All Might Bashing

Language:
English

Collections:
Supreme Bnha, amazing fanfics to read over and over again, I'm Gonna Rec It, Bnha Bookclub Discord Recs, Jwllz Favorite BNHA Fics (Completed Works), my fav bnha fics :D, BNHA Treasure Box, Aokoiclem's oneshots n things

Stats:
Published: 2021-02-19 Words: 19,616 Chapters: 1/1

The Ghost of a Lonely Boy

by AoKoiClem

Summary

Izuku the ghost goes home with Aizawa and Yamada.

((“Of course, Eraserhead, Sir!”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Okay, Sir!”

“Ughh….”

…….

“Shouta? Babe? Who turned the lights off?” Hizashi asked when he’d finally returned from their apartment.

Shouta met his husband’s eyes in the darkness. “A ghost.”

Hizashi blinked, glanced around the room, and even though he saw nothing, he exclaimed. “Hi, ghost!”

Problem Child responded, equally as enthused, “Hi, Eraserhead’s husband!”))

Includes: Dadzawa, Yamadad, Hagakure being an absolute precious bean, and even more dadzawa

Notes

Possible TWs: mentions of death (and suicide) injuries, blood, broken bones. yknow ghost stuff Alsooo, mentions of self harm and light descriptions of self harm (not in reference to izu), cursing towards the end, along with violence
(lemme know if I need to add anything else to this list)

the TWs make this seem a lot darker than it is

this has been a WIP for Like 4 months and Im disappointed it took this long ;laksjdfl; k Also this isn't related to any of my other fics

are some of the characters OOC? Probably. Do I care? Not at all.

pfft //

anYYWHooo I hope y'all enjoy

unedited (and its like19k words so its gonna take me a long time to actually edit when I get around to it)

See the end of the work for more notes

The story of how Aizawa Shouta accidentally adopts a ghost.

The first time Shouta ever saw the green-haired ghost was during his stay in the hospital after the USJ incident. He'd been fully bandaged from head to toe. Even his eyes were covered by the bandages…so perhaps this isn't the first time Shouta saw him…but the first time he met him.

Shouta had finally convinced his doting husband to go to sleep. He hadn't yet convinced him to go home yet and probably wouldn't be able to pry Hizashi from his side no matter how hard he tried. So his husband settled for passing out on the couch that was in his hospital room.

It was night, Shouta was sure of it. He could hear the news anchor talking though it was muffled through his bandages. He could also hear the nurses and doctors chattering outside his closed door. He'd made sure Hizashi shut it before he told Hizashi to rest.

Shouta never heard the door open, so perhaps he should've been suspicious of the innocent voice that echoed through his room. "Eraserhead..sir?"

Shouta didn't jump…he didn't. "Who the hell are you?" Shouta felt extremely vulnerable. So vulnerable he was tempted to shout for his husband. He couldn't do anything for himself at the moment. Whoever had snuck into his hospital room could finish him off, finish the job for Shigaraki, and no one would know until a nurse came to check on him.

"I'm…I'm no one."

Silence…there were no footsteps. No hushed breathing. Nothing. Even the Tv seemed to be silent.

"No one." Shouta deadpanned. "You got a name, 'no one'?"

More silence. "I did…once…"

Shouta would roll his eyes if he could. "Is there a reason you're here, 'no one'?" Shouta was still uneasy though he supposed if this 'no one' was going to finish him off he'd of done it already.

"I wanted to make sure you were okay…I saw them bring you into the hospital…you looked a lot worse before the bandages." No One

muttered. The voice seemed closer now as if he were right by Shouta's side but Shouta still hadn't heard a single noise since the stranger had snuck in.

"Thanks." Shouta drawled sarcastically.

"S-sorry! I just- I meant that you- you looked more dead then…Not so…well- I guess you look like a mummy now and mummies are dead so…I guess that means you look more dead but you're not covered in blood now. And you're breathing…anyway my point is that you look better."

It was now that Shouta realized how young the voice sounded. It was also now that he wondered why the kid's panicked rambling hadn't woken his husband. "Why were you at the hospital, kid? How'd you even know who I am?"

Even more silence.

An answer, after what felt like hours of silence, "You teach a…friend of mine…and I died here."

"I'm sorry, what?" Shouta blurted. Had his head injuries been worse than he thought? Maybe he should wake Hizashi now, tell him to get the nurses to double-check his head. If nothing were wrong physically, then he'd clearly gone insane.

"I died. A year ago, I think…time blurs together now. I usually comfort dying heroes…"

"That's not comforting, No One." Shouta grunts

The kid yelps, "Oh! Don't worry! You're not dying anymore! I don't see your soul leaving your body now so you're perfectly fine!"

"…Anymore?"

"Yeah! Recovery Girl saved you but you slept for a long time after that so I just kinda sat here and watched you…that sounded creepy. Sorry! It wasn't supposed to be creepy! I close my eyes whenever they changed your bandages and I tried not to listen when your husband was talking about private stuff! I did hear him mention your cats though! I loved cats! Still do! They're the only animals that can still see me! I'm never as lonely when I'm around cats…it's nice…"

"A ghost with privacy boundaries…lucky me," Shouta grumbles,

desperate to scratch his leg but his current situation makes that impossible.

The deafening silence is horrible. Shouta hates it. If it weren't so damn quiet Shouta probably would've given up trying to keep a conversation going with the 'ghost' a long time ago.

Shouta sighs, "You said I taught a friend of yours? What's their name?"

"Kacchan!"

"Who?"

"Kacchan! You know! The one with the explosive temper and mommy issues!"

"You mean Bakugou?" Shouta wants to bash his head against a wall. There is no way that Bakugou would let anyone call him 'Kacchan'.

"Oh…oh yeah!" No One says sheepishly. "I forgot that Kacchan was his nickname."

"You two…don't seem like the type to be friends…" Shouta can feel his eyes burning. He's tired. He spent most of the day being harassed by nurses and doctors.

"I don't think I was his friend…but he was my friend. My only friend…If I wasn't quirkless, I think we could've been friends…" No One's voice trails off into an ominous whisper that sends a chill down Shouta's spine.

The news finally flicks back on and Shouta relaxes, just barely, at the comfort it provides. It makes the deafening silence disappear with ease.

"You're really not going to tell me your name…are you?" Shouta hates being stuck in one position. His achy joints begging to be stretched.

"You…you can call me Deku…"

"You want me to call you useless?" Shouta has already decided against it. There's not a chance in hell that he'd call a kid useless.

"Well…it's the nickname Kacchan gave me…"

"Of course it is," Shouta grumbles. "I'll just call you Problem Child."

Shouta can feel the kid's smile. "I like that!"

Of course, you do. Shouta's glad the bandages around his face hide his faint smile. "Do ghosts sleep?"

"I don't know if all ghosts sleep but I definitely do." Problem Child responds.

"Good. Then sleep, Problem Child." Shouta huffs and lets himself sink further into his hospital bed as he lets his exhaustion take over.

"Can we talk in the morning?" Problem Child asks, whispering into Shouta's ear which makes Shouta tense at the bizarre feeling. There's no presence beside him. Just emptiness yet Problem Child's voice is clearly coming from beside him…

"If you stop bothering me, then sure."…how was he supposed to say no to a dead kid's request?

—

The first time Shouta *saw* the kid was when he'd gotten a few strips of the bandages taken off. Just a few weeks after he'd first met Problem Child.

No one knew if he'd been blinded by the Nomu so no one mentioned how he was clinging on to his husband's hand like a lifeline. Nor did anyone mention how he was leaning his head away from his husband's comforting words in favor of the unheard words of the invisible boy.

Shouta recoiled from the brightness of the hospital lights as they unwrapped the bandages. A good sign, the doctors said.

Finally, once the strip of bandages had been removed Shouta blinked and stared at the floor. Away from the blinding lights that beamed down on him from above.

"Shou?" Hizashi called out. His words soft, as they'd been since Shouta had been brought to the hospital.

"Zashi," Shouta answered, forcing himself to look upward. His husband was a blurry mess of yellow, black, and greys. He could see, at least a little. He gulped.

"What do you see?" Hizashi asked. The doctors nearby were ready to

take note and adjust his treatment as necessary.

“Colors, mainly. Some outlines. It just looks fuzzy, blobs of colors. I guess.” Shouta would’ve shrugged if the bandages around his body were restricting him.

Pens scratching on paper, muffled words, and shuffling footsteps.

“That’s a good sign, Eraserhead.” The doctor said, her voice plain. “We’ll keep you a few more days to observe any future developments then you can be released into the care of your husband.”

And that was that. The doctors all scurried out of the room, leaving Shouta alone with Hizashi and Problem Child, who’d been hovering over his shoulder.

Shouta stared at Hizashi for a while. It was…relieving to know that he hadn’t lost his vision completely though…if he didn’t gain his full vision back he would probably have to give up on his hero career…he didn’t want that. He’d forget about that thought for now.

“Hizashi,” Shouta said.

Hizashi looked up from his phone, he was probably updating Nemuri and Tensei about his condition. “Yeah, babe?”

“You smell.”

Hizashi squawked.

“Go shower.”

It took a few minutes of reassurances that he’d be fine until Hizashi finally accepted defeat and headed to their shared apartment to both shower and to make sure their neighbor had been feeding their cats, per their agreement. ‘if neither of us comes home for a night use your quirk to phase through our door and feed our cats.’

Once Hizashi left, Problem Child floated down from his perch above Shouta’s shoulder. The kid didn’t say anything as Shouta observed him.

Shouta had to strain his eyes to properly see Problem Child and he probably shouldn’t have if he wanted his eyes to get better sooner… but Problem Child definitely *looked* like a ghost. His entire figure was translucent and was hard to even see unless Shouta was purposely

looking for him. His fluffy green hair looked to be stained with splatters of blood. His legs and arms both looked twisted and bent into unnatural angles.

“You look like shit,” Shouta said. ‘are you okay?’ the true meaning of the words.

Problem Child had grown used to Shouta’s blunt words and avoidant behavior when it came to emotions over the past few weeks. One night had led to a few days, a few days, a week, and so on. Problem Child liked being around Shouta for some reason.

“I know. It’s what I looked like when I died,” Problem Child chirped and lowered himself to be hovering just above Shouta’s legs. A chilling coldness shot up Shouta’s lower body when Problem Child got a smidge too close to his legs, “sorry…”

“Doesn’t matter,” Shouta grunted. “Does it hurt?”

The kid shook his head, his hair turning into blurs of green as he did so. Shouta almost lost sight of him. He had to focus on the kid again. “It doesn’t hurt. I don’t think so anyway.”

Shouta nodded. He was…glad (?) that the small dead boy wasn’t constantly in pain. “That’s…good.”

Problem Child beamed.

Shouta was proud to say he didn’t jump when a knock echoed through his hospital room. He blinked at the door. He had vaguely seen Problem Child stick his head through the wooden door, then float back towards Shouta.

“It’s the frog girl. She’s been coming every day but never knocked.”

Shouta nodded. He’d been told that Shinsou and Asui survived the attack but he hadn’t seen physical proof that they were okay. He’d been going purely on his husband’s word.

“Come in!” Shouta grunted and the door creaked open. Slowly.

Problem Child drifted back over Shouta’s shoulder. Asui peeked into the room. Her eyes were wide with worry.

“Sensei,” she croaked.

“Asui.”

“Midnight-Sensei said you were doing better…Ribbit” Asui stayed near the half-opened door.

“I am…” Shouta blinked harshly. His eyes burning from all the overwhelming colors and lights. “Are you…okay?”

Asui nodded, “fine. Scared…but fine.”

Shouta sighed. That was better than he’d been imagining. The silence was almost too awkward by the time Asui pulled her backpack around and began to unzip it.

“This got left on the bus…kero….after the fight and I grabbed it for you…” Asui placed a blob of yellow onto the nearby chair and Shouta smiled, just slightly. He hadn’t even had the time to think about what happened to his sleeping bag.

The two of them talked for a couple more minutes. Asui caught him up on how the other students were doing. Particularly Uraraka and Iida, who Asui seemed to talk to the most.

Asui left once she’d gotten a text, a message from her little brother saying that he’d scraped his knee.

Problem Child drifted towards the sleeping bag and pretended to poke it, his crooked finger phasing right through the yellow fabric. The interaction had him wondering…“Can you touch things, Problem Child?”

Problem Child looked up from the yellow sleeping bag. “If I try really hard, why?”

“Close the blinds. I wanna nap. Too bright.”

Problem Child giggled and floated towards the window. It took a couple tries for him to get a solid grasp on the string to lower the blinds. “I don’t do that too often, guess I’m out of practice.”

Shouta glanced towards the light switch and was about to ask Problem Child to turn the overhead lights off too but the kid beat him to it, “I’ll get the lights too!”

Shouta let his eyes close. The darkness that now filled the room was a needed break from the blinding lights. “Thanks, kid,” Shouta said. He

was no longer wary of the eccentric ghost.

“Of course, Eraserhead, Sir!”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Okay, Sir!”

“Ughh….”

…….

“Shouta? Babe? Who turned the lights off?” Hizashi asked when he’d finally returned from their apartment.

Shouta met his husband’s eyes in the darkness. “A ghost.”

Hizashi blinked, glanced around the room, and even though he saw nothing, he exclaimed. “Hi, ghost!”

Problem Child responded, equally as enthused, “Hi, Eraserhead’s husband!”

Shouta sighed. His husband was too gullible...even if Shouta was telling the truth.

“Hey! Hey! Shouta!” Hizashi barged into Shouta’s hospital room.

“Shh!” Shouta gave Hizashi a deadly glare and went back to sketching.

“Oh- is he sleeping again? The ghost?” Hizashi quietly shuffled across the room and plopped into the chair that Shouta wasn’t observing.

Shouta barely nodded. “Yeah. He looks peaceful for once.” Shouta’s pencil froze. “Why do you believe me about the kid? I mean- I just got

my head bashed into concrete wouldn't brain damage be more likely?"

Hizashi just flashed a cheesy grin. "Because I trust you, Shou!"

Shouta smiled softly and continued his sketch. He didn't answer for a while choosing to sit in the gentle silence and keep watch over the kid. "Thanks, Zashi."

Hizashi jumped at the sudden interruption of the silence. "Huh? For what?"

"For trusting me."

"Awwwah! You're adorable, Shou-babe! Of course, I'd trust you!"

Hizashi blinked in awe at the drawing. Shouta hadn't drawn in a long time. Between hero work, teaching, and his naps Shouta's time was always preoccupied.

"Is that the kid?" Hizashi asked quietly. He wasn't sure if the kid was still asleep since he couldn't see him. The ghost provided a sense of mystery for Hizashi. He was constantly coming up with new ideas about why Shouta seemed to be the only one who could see the kid.

Shouta nodded. "Yeah. I don't have colors so this is the best you're going to get."

“He looks...really young.” Hizashi nibbled on his lip. A kid this young had died? Hizashi knew kids died every day but he still felt at fault for not being able to save him even if he knew nothing about the kid.

“He didn’t tell me how old he was. He looks 13, maybe? And I took the liberty of leaving his injuries out of the drawing.”

Hizashi frowned at that. “Do his injuries hurt him?”

Shouta shook his head slowly, his eyes half shut. “Kid said he doesn’t think so.”

“That’s great! What color is his hair? I keep imagining it to be like white or something. Y’know cuz he’s a ghost?” Hizashi chuckled at Shouta’s half-hearted glare.

“It’s green.”

“Green?” Hizashi clarified.

Shouta rolled his eyes. “Yes. Green. Are your hearing aids on the fritz again, Zashi?”

Hizashi squinted at the sketchbook in his hands and held it at a different angle. “He kinda looks like broccoli…”

A huff of laughter came from Shouta before his eyes drifted shut.

Hizashi set the sketchbook down and squeezed Shouta's hand. "Sleep well, babe."

Hizashi had to clamp a hand over his mouth to prevent a shrill screech from escaping him as an icy cold feeling ran up his spine. His eyes widened and he turned around glaring at the empty space. "Oh, so not cool, Ghost Kiddo! That was freezing!"

Hizashi could almost hear the kid's delighted laughter.

Shouta pretended not to notice the ghostly boy sitting in the back of his car as Hizashi drove him home. At first, he was hesitant to leave the kid alone in the hospital where only dying heroes could see him. It felt wrong to leave the kid behind. It wasn't as if Shouta had grown attached to the weird kid...Yeah, definitely not.

But now, Shouta realizes his worries were misplaced because this kid is deadset on following him home.

Shouta doesn't say anything about it yet. He waits until Hizashi has helped him into the elevator. "Kid. You plannin' on following me home?"

Hizashi blinked at Shouta. Then he blinked at the closing elevator doors. Hizashi reached out towards the empty space and shuddered at the icy air. "I didn't know he was coming home with us?" Hizashi's giddy smile lit up his face.

Shouta glanced at the kid. "Neither did I."

The Problem Child smiled guiltily and reached his deformed hand up to his neck. “You don’t mind, do you? The hospital would’ve been lonely without you! You’re the only person (who wasn’t dying) that’s been able to see me since I died! I really didn’t want to be all alone anymore! So I kinda just decided I was gonna follow you home! That’s kinda creepy- You don’t mind, Do you?”

Shouta inhaled deeply and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Hizashi leaned towards Shouta, “Is he rambling?”

Problem Child squawked. “You told him I ramble?” He lifted his hands to cover his face.

“Okay. You can stay in our apartment *if* you tell me your name.” Shouta gave Problem Child a ‘no bullshit’ look. “Your *real* name.”

“You’re not even gonna ask if your husband agrees?”

Shouta shrugged and leaned against the elevator wall. “He agrees.”

“I don’t know what I’m agreeing to but I definitely agree.” Hizashi grinned and went to scratch behind his ear but winced.

“I still can’t believe you got a new piercing while I was handicapped. I’ll help you rinse it with saline, later.” Shouta gave Hizashi an unamused expression.

Hizashi gently elbowed Shouta. “I was coping! Anyways, did the kid

say his name yet?”

Shouta shook his head. “Nope. Come on, spill it, kid.”

“Izuku. My name. It’s Izuku.” Izuku smiled though a hint of sadness managed to shine through.

“Izuku.” Shouta repeated. Partly because he wanted to test the name out and partly because Hizashi needed to know too.

Hizashi awwahed, “Izuku! What a cute name for a cute little ghost!”

Izuku hid his face in his hands.

Ding!

Shouta was the first one to start towards the apartment. Hizashi, moments behind him, “Wait! Shou! There may be a *little* surprise in the apartment.” Hizashi squeaked.

Shouta closed his eyes. “What did you do?”

Izuku, who had taken a glance at some of Shouta’s medical papers had seen his apartment number, was already drifting down the hall towards the apartment.

“Why do you assume I did anything?” Hizashi crossed his arms defensively.

Shouta blinked at him. “Hizashi.”

Hizashi pouted. “It’s a surprise! That’s the whole point!”

Izuku’s high pitched squeal had Shouta’s head snapping towards their apartment. “Eraserhead, Sir! I thought you said you only had 2 cats!”

Shouta sighed and turned back to Hizashi. “How many?”

Hizashi’s face crumpled in defeat before realization hit him. “Izuku! That’s cheating! No using your ghost powers to ruin surprises!”

“Zashi.” Shouta snapped.

“Just one.” Hizashi hummed. “Come see! Her name is Styrofoam!” He grabbed Shouta’s arm, careful to not squeeze too hard.

“Styrofoam?” Shouta let Hizashi pull him towards their apartment where Izuku was floating. “I’m revoking your cat naming privilege,” Shouta said though he was excited to see the new addition.

“You named our first cat Black. She only has white fur!” Hizashi exclaimed.

“Black like her soul.” Shouta responded as if they’d had this conversation a million times which they probably had.

“And Bubbles? She’s old, blind, and grumpy. How’d you come up with that one?” Hizashi turned towards Shouta for a moment.

“I didn’t name her.” Shouta mumbled.

Hizashi made a confused noise. “What do you mean? You said you named her after you found her?”

Shouta looked the slightest bit embarrassed. “There was this little girl who was upset because her quirk wasn’t ‘heroic’. She could produce bubbles. So I told her I’d name the next cat I found after her quirk.”

Izuku and Hizashi both awwed which caused Shouta to stare at the floor.

“That’s adorable, Shou! You never told me that! I have to tell Nem later! She’ll love that!” Hizashi practically screeched.

“Oh Oh! Can I name the next cat?” Izuku flapped his hands around with a hopeful smile.

“Don’t!” Shouta hissed towards Hizashi then glanced toward Izuku. “What makes you think we’re getting another cat?”

Hizashi gasped. “You should totally let Izuku name the next cat!”

Shouta’s eye twitched as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “You two must have some freaky telepathic connection.”

His husband and Problem Child both flashed an identical grin.

Shouta looked between the two of them before snatching the keys from Hizashi's hand.

Shouta jammed the key into the doorknob and pried the door open. Nearly kicking a black kitten with white spots through the hall.

Shouta stared at Styrofoam for a moment before picking her up and holding her a few inches from his face. Styrofoam gave a soft meow and lifted her paw up and pressed it against Shouta's nose.

"Okay. We're keeping her." Shouta shifted to where he was holding her gently against his chest.

Izuku giggled. "You wouldn't have gotten rid of her even if she looked like a rat."

Shouta glared at the kid. "Shut it."

Hizashi was the next one to laugh. "She needs to be fed again. You wanna do it, Shou?"

Shouta's glare softened as he looked at the sleepy kitten. "Sure."

Izuku flew towards Shouta who ignored the icy feeling that spread through him at the sudden drop in temperature. Izuku held his mangled hand in front of Styrofoam who batted at his hand but meowed when her paw went right through it.

“I love cats.” Izuku cooed, wiggling his stiff fingers in front of the cat once again who seemed more interested in swatting Izuku’s fingers than her previous sleepiness.

“Cats can see him?” Hizashi questioned from the dinner table where he’d draped his leather jacket.

Shouta nodded. “I must’ve forgotten to tell you.”

“It’s cute!” Hizashi said as he pulled his hand from the bun it had been in. “That meant he wasn’t completely alone after he…died.” Hizashi winced.

Izuku giggled as he pulled his hand away from Styrofoam. “I was never completely alone even without the cats! Dying people could see me!”

Shouta opted to not translate that piece of information to Hizashi. He pulled the fridge open and grabbed a fresh can of cat food. Normally, Shouta made his own recipe of cat food for his cats but always had to wean the new strays off the store bought cat food that they were all used to.

“How’s Icarus?” Shouta asked as he set Styrofoam on the floor next to the newly opened can of food. Normally, Shouta would’ve been bombarded by the thing as soon as he got home.

“Icarus?” Izuku echoed, not knowing what Shouta was talking about.

“Our macaw. He kept flying into the lights when we first got him hence the name.” Shouta explained quietly to Izuku who was still watching Styrofoam with a dazed expression.

Hizashi smiled sadly. “He’s been a little depressed since you got injured. He misses you. I’ve had Nemuri help with taking him out to fly since you obviously couldn’t but she got a few nips. He’s gotten along better with Tenya but Tenya has school so...he can’t come over as much.”

Shouta frowned, he hated the thought of Icarus plucking his feathers like he had when they’d first gotten him. They’d rescued him from an abusive home. He’d been in a tiny cage and could barely extend his wings before they got him and barely had any feathers.

“Did he start plucking again?”

Hizashi nodded. “He settled down after I showed him a few videos of you doing your physical therapy but he lost a few feathers. Wanna go see him?” Hizashi glanced around the room, clearly asking the question to both Shouta and Izuku.

Shouta scoffed, “Of course! Come on, Kid.” Shouta jerked his head and started heading down a hallway.

Hizashi trailed behind them with a grin, flapping his hands excitedly.

“Icarus?” Shouta eased the door open slowly.

Izuku jumped slightly when the red, yellow, and blue bird flew forward and perched itself on Shouta’s shoulder, giving a loud squawk.

Icarus flapped his wings before he began to preen Shouta's hair. Purring as he did so. Shouta made no move to stop Icarus but smiled softly. "Yeah yeah, I missed you too."

Izuku grinned, "He's so cute!"

"He definitely missed you, Shou. I'm gonna have to make a new household rule. No getting injured." Hizashi said as he pushed his glasses up.

"Zashi, you stub your toe daily."

"Fine! No almost dying!" Hizashi squinted in Shouta's direction.

Izuku leaned close to Shouta in a whispering manner. "Is he attempting to glare?"

Shouta bobbed his head, Icarus mimicking his movement. "Yeah. He is." He replied in a whisper.

Hizashi flung his hands up. "I just can't glare at you. All you do is ridicule me when I do!" Hizashi was trying to be mad at Shouta but couldn't stop his smile from taking over. "I'm glad you're home though. I',m sure Bubbles and Black will be happy too."

Izuku perked up like a cat. "Oh yeah! I'm gonna go say hi to your other cats, Eraserhead, Sir!"

Shouta waved him off. "Told you to stop calling me that," Shouta

grumbled as he pet Icarus. Shouta could barely see Izuku give him a cheeky smile.

Hizashi laughed as Icarus squawked in Shouta's ear again. "What does he call you?"

"Eraserhead, Sir," Shouta mimicked the kid.

"Eraserhead, Sir!" Icarus mimicked Shouta.

Hizashi gasped before doubling over in laughter. "Oh! Oh, that's amazing!" Hizashi wiped a tear from his eye. "Oh, I haven't laughed that hard in a long time!" He eventually settled down until his laugh was just a few muffled snickers.

"Oh, ha ha. Next time he mimics you I'll be sure to remind you of this when I tease you over it." Shouta threatened.

"Shou-babe. It's hard to take you seriously when you have a bird grooming your hair." Hizashi covered his mouth in an attempt to conceal his laughter.

"Fine. You win. I'm going to shower, I'm taking Icarus with me." Shouta didn't wait for Hizashi's response.

"I'll start on dinner!"

Shouta rolled his shoulders as he set his laptop aside. He was so far behind in grading he wasn't sure it was possible to catch up. He was genuinely debating just giving them all participation grades but then Kaminari would assume he was going soft on the bunch of them.

Icarus was still clinging to Shouta and giving Shouta all of his puppy-like affection. Black was constantly switching from laying in Shouta's lap and chasing Izuku around the room while Bubbles remained firmly planted in her bed. Styrofoam, the newest addition to the home, was still weak and had taken to either following Hizashi around or sleeping in the guest room.

"How's the grading going?" Izuku asked as he floated by the couch once again, letting Black leap at his feet.

Shouta just groaned and let his head flop against the couch. "I might have to lower the amount of written assignments I give out. Deciphering their handwriting is challenging enough when it's just one paper."

"Why don't you have them type them?" Izuku asked.

"Some of the students this year don't have access to the internet at their homes and others don't have computers and it would be cruel to single them out on it."

Izuku nodded. "I wish you were *my* teacher when I was in school. Would've been better than just getting ignored."

"Ignored?" Shouta glanced at Izuku who had paused and was now floating in one spot. "Why would they ignore you?" Shouta may have

been coerced into his teacher position and would never admit that he somewhat enjoyed the job but he still knew that ignoring a student was wrong.

Izuku hesitated before letting his shoulders droop. “Ahh, it really doesn’t matter.” He gave a shy smile.

“I won’t pry but you don’t have to worry about me judging you. Got that, kid?” Shouta glanced down and saw that Icarus was falling asleep.

Izuku nodded softly. “Yeah, I know.”

“Good. Now, think you could take my plate to the kitchen?” Shouta glanced at the kid.

“That’s child labor.” Izuku joked as he floated near the coffee table and focused his energy into his hands.

Shouta shrugged, “I have a sleeping animal on me. It’s illegal to get up.”

Izuku cautiously grabbed the plate in case it phased through his hand. “I’m doing this for Icarus...not you.”

Shouta felt a familiar ache settle into his bones as Izuku took the plate to the kitchen. He enjoyed the moment of peace. No noise other than the cats purring and rain sprinkling on the windows. A sweet relief from Icarus’ constant squawking

Unfortunately for Shouta, peace doesn't last in this house. "Oh! Floating plate! That's- That's gonna take some getting used to."

Shouta groaned, hoping Hizashi's screech didn't wake Icarus. "Hizashi." he whispered harshly.

Hizashi jumped and glanced at Shouta with a guilty expression. After spotting Icarus sleeping against Shouta's chest his guilt only worsened. "Did I wake him?" Hizashi dropped his voice down to a whisper.

Shouta glanced at Icarus and found him still sleeping soundly. "No." He shook his head and ran a finger along Icarus' wings. Shouta looked up from Icarus to find Hizashi staring at him with a dopey smile.

Shouta huffed a laugh. "What?"

"Nothing! Can't I stare at my husband without judgment?" Hizashi made his way across the room, nearly tripping on the rug, and sat next to Shouta.

"No. You can't."

"Awwah, why not? You just got home and I missed you!" Hizashi let his head thump against Shouta's shoulder.

"You were with me every day at the hospital, Hizashi. You couldn't have missed me that bad."

Hizashi pouted, reaching for Shouta's hand. "It wasn't the same as

having you home. You didn't have that adorable scowl you get when you read the essays. Especially the one that's always written in pink glitter pens."

Shouta gently squeezed Hizashi's hand. "I'm not sure I want to be back if I have to read a single more essay. What the hell did Yagi even assign them? I'm literally drowning in papers. Speaking of Yagi, why didn't *he* grade these?" Shouta gestured to the piles of papers on the coffee table.

Hizashi shrugged. "Nezu said something about Yagi going soft on them and giving them credit for the little drawings so he got banned from grading papers unless they're participation grades."

Izuku finally floated back into the room.

Shouta glanced up at him and instantly tensed at the blood like tears falling down his face. "Izuku?" Shouta shifted forward, careful to not wake Icarus.

Izuku jumped and met Shouta's eyes. More red tears filled the kid's eyes. "E-eraserhead…"

"What's wrong?" Shouta tightened his grip on Hizashi's hand.

Hizashi looked at Shouta worriedly. He'd never wanted to be able to see Izuku more than he could right now. "Izuku?" Hizashi's voice trembled slightly.

Izuku wiped at the tears with his sleeve. "It's nothing. I just- I just get really sad sometimes."

“Sad?” Shouta echoed.

Izuku nodded. “Y-yeah. Yknow. I get really lonely. It’s not as bad now that I’ve met you but…” Izuku’s ghostly form trembled. “I miss getting hugs...that’s probably stupid.”

Shouta felt a pang of hurt in his heart. He wasn’t the most physically affectionate person with most people but the thought of never being able to hug Hizashi or even Nemuri. It sounded awful. He shut his laptop and slid it further down the couch. “Come sit, kiddo.”

Izuku didn’t make a snarky comment like he normally would. Instead, he silently drifted towards the couch.

Shouta put his free hand next to Izuku’s despite the chilling aura it gave off. “Look at me, Izuku.” Hizashi squeezed Shouta’s hand, silently providing support. Izuku hesitantly looked up at Shouta, tears still slipping down his face. “You will *never* be alone for as long as I can help it. Never.”

Hizashi perked up. Now that he knew the problem he could help. “Yeah! You’re never gonna be alone, Little Listener. You’ve got Shouta and the cats! And me, even though I can’t see you!”

Izuku’s lip trembled. This just made him want to hug Shouta even more! “P-promise?”

Shouta nodded. “I promise, Kid.”

Hizashi squinted as if he was thinking intensely for a moment. “You know, Izuku. If you practiced enough, you could probably learn to hold a pen again. Then you could talk to me that way.”

Izuku absolutely beamed. Shouta couldn’t help but smile as well. “Can we try right now, Eraserhead? Please? I’ll be quiet!”

“Only if you call me Aizawa. No more of that ‘Eraserhead’ crap.”

Shouta had never seen Izuku agree to something so fast. “Thank you, Aizawa!” Izuku spread his arms like he’d go to give him a hug but dropped them, his smile turning bittersweet.

Shouta nodded at Izuku then turned to Hizashi. “He wants to practice right now.”

Hizashi grinned. “Sure thing, Kiddo! Let’s go!” Hizashi scrambled into the office to grab a pen with Izuku not far behind him.

The next morning Shouta couldn’t help but smile when he saw Izuku lying on the living room floor with all three cats curled around him. He’d been wondering where they’d gone for the night. Normally, Bubbles refuses to sleep anywhere but the pillow near Shouta’s head.

Shouta would’ve let the kid sleep if Shouta wasn’t running late himself. Hizashi had to leave early that morning to run by the station which meant Shouta had to wake himself up...and failed miserably.

“Kid.” Shouta was tempted to nudge the ghostly form with his foot but

really didn't feel like having a freezing foot. "Kid!" He said louder, startling the cats from their sleep.

Izuku finally stirred, a little.

Shouta rolled his eyes and sat on the couch and pulled his shoes on. "Izuku!" Black meowed in protest.

Shouta heaved his capture weapon off of the coffee table and dumped it onto Izuku. It was morbidly fascinating to watch it thud on the floor, completely ignoring Izuku's body.

However, it did cause the kid to shoot awake. Izuku hopped from foot to foot and looked down at the floor. "Oh! Oh! That felt weird! Is that what it feels like when I accidentally phase through your body? Oh ew!"

Shouta gave a wry expression. "At least it woke you up. You sleep like the dead. I'm already 10 minutes late for the staff meeting."

"Late? Did you sleep in? You never sleep in! Are you okay?"

Shouta didn't bother responding as he pocketed his keys, heaved his capture weapon up and around his neck then darted out the door.

"Hey!" Izuku shouted as he flew after Shouta. "You locked me inside!" Izuku pouted, keeping up with Shouta's jog with ease.

"You can float through walls. You *can't* be locked inside."

“Yeah, well it’s still rude! Here I was thinking you had manners!” Izuku huffed.

Shouta rolled his eyes and pressed the lobby button on the elevator. “Shut it, kid. If you give me a headache before I have to deal with the school brats you’re sleeping outside.”

“Yes, Sir!”

“If you’re going to be living in my house you’re not calling me ‘Sir’”

“I could call you Sensei! Aizawa-Sensei has a ring to it, yknow?” Izuku waited until the elevator doors opened before floating into the lobby.

“That’s even worse and you know it!” Shouta barked but didn’t bother lowering his voice which earned him a few odd looks.

Izuku giggled. “I guess I’ll have to stick with Eraserhead then!” Izuku twisted around in time to see Shouta’s exasperated expression.

"Definitely not. Why don't you just call me Aizawa?" Shouta huffed.

Izuku's grin almost faded. "I didn't want to assume you would be comfortable with that. Y'know?"

Shouta sighed, tempted to yank his hair out. "Kid. You're literally living in my house now. If I wasn't comfortable with you calling me by

name then I wouldn't have let you invite yourself into my house? Alright. It's perfectly fine with me if you want to call me Aizawa or Shouta."

Izuku's beaming smile came back full force. "You mean you'd be okay if I called you Shou like Yamada does?"

Shouta's eye twitched. "If it'll stop you from calling me Sir or my hero name then sure."

"Great! Let's hurry to UA! Shou!" Izuku clapped his gnarled hands together and spun around, ready to zoom ahead of Shouta.

Shouta didn't miss the way Izuku's hands were shaking or the way Izuku was purposely avoiding eye contact with him.

"Hey! Wait a minute, kid."

Izuku spun back around with a nervous expression. "Errr...yeah?"

"You wanna tell me why you're nervous?"

Izuku's shoulders slumped. "You noticed?"

"You thought I wouldn't?"

"Was hoping you wouldn't," Izuku admitted. Shouta gave Izuku a stern look as he turned a corner. "I haven't seen Kacchan since the day I

died. I don't know if he's still...like he used to be or if he's changed. I mean- I know he won't be able to see me but...I just hope he's a better person now than he was in middle school."

Shouta nodded. "Reasonable to be nervous about. Bakugou's definitely a wildfire but I wouldn't say he's a bully." Another stern look from Shouta had Izuku's protest silenced. "Only a bully would call their classmate 'Deku' Izuku. I'm not stupid."

Izuku's eyes filled with panic. "Oh! No! I wasn't trying to say you're stupid! I think you're really really smart! I just...he was my only friend. I know he wasn't amazing and he did some really bad things but...he's still gonna be a good hero! I mean it!" Izuku gulped. "He doesn't deserve to have his dreams crushed like mine were for a mistake he made as a kid."

Shouta nodded. "No child should ever have their dream crushed but...that doesn't mean they should go unpunished for those mistakes."

"Oh...that's- That makes sense." Izuku nodded, looking towards the school which was now in sight. "Thank you...Aizawa." Izuku mumbled

"For what?" Shouta ignored another one of the odd looks he got for talking to himself.

Izuku shrugged. "I don't really know. Being honest? Fair? Nice? Either way, it's more than anyone's ever given me before. So thanks for that."

Shouta clenched his fists. "You shouldn't have to thank me for being honest to you, Izuku."

Izuku made a noise. Shouta couldn't tell if the noise was in agreement or disagreement but either way. He was going to be having another serious chat with the kid once they got home.

Shouta attempted to make it through the halls without Nemuri finding him. If Nemuri found him she'd annoy him until he admitted why he didn't show up to the staff meeting. There was no way he could possibly explain Izuku to her and he didn't want to admit that he had slept in.

"If you're worried about them asking why you were late why don't you just tell them you saw a kitten?" Izuku chirped from his spot beside Shouta, who was peeking around a corner looking for any of the other staff members.

"Shut it." Shouta hissed once again not bothering to look behind him because he knew he'd see the kid's smug face.

Izuku yelped. "Oh! That's cool!" Izuku flew ahead of Izuku to look at one of the students with purple hair, a kid from the general course if Shouta wasn't mistaken. "Shou! Look! He looks like you!"

Shouta felt the tips of his ears burn. God, he was glad no one else could see this kid. Shouta ignored Izuku's observations of how the kid looked similar to himself and hurried around another corner only to come face to face with Nemuri who had an evil evil expression on her face.

Shouta, determined to keep his dignity, withheld the yelp that nearly

escaped him and spun around. He would take the long way if it meant avoiding his clingy friend. "Nope."

Shouta sped past Izuku who was still looking at the purple-haired kid from the general course. Izuku startled and hurried to catch up with Shouta who was halfway down the hall, weaving in between students and other faculty members, trying not to be seen by his friend.

"Shou? Who is the lady following you?" Izuku questioned curiously.

"She's still following me?" Shouta glanced into one of the windows and saw Nemuri in the reflection. He made a strangled noise and darted down one of the hallways, one he didn't need to go through but hoped it would get Nemuri off his tail.

Izuku didn't seem bothered by the scenario. "Oh! I know why she looked familiar! She was in the hospital with you! She was really worried! She looks different in her- OH! Midnight! She looked familiar for two reasons!" Izuku hummed for a moment. "She's your friend? She doesn't seem scary."

Shouta pulled the door to Vlad's classroom open. The lights were still off and avoided getting ready for his classes until the last minute. He should be safe here. Should...

"Jeez." Izuku huffed as he floated through the door. "You're really taking this seriously. Why're you running from her?"

Shouta didn't respond, he had no clue how far away Nemuri was and didn’t want to risk her hearing him.

Izuku peeked around the corner and spotted Nemuri talking to a girl with weird earphone jacks hanging from her ears. "Oh! It looks like she got held up by a student. You should be safe. You should tell me why you're running from her. I'm curious."

"What student?" Shouta's whisper echoed through the empty classroom. Shouta knew his friend wouldn't give up that easily.

Izuku poked his head through the giant door once again and spotted the purple-haired girl with earphone jacks looking directly towards him, one of the jack seemed to be plugged into the wall? "She's got purple hair and weird earphone jacks hanging from her ears and-"

Damn! Shouta didn't give Izuku any warning as he slid the window open and started to climb to the next level.

Click .

Izuku spun around with wide eyes, barely catching Shouta's blurry figure climbing out the window.

"Shou!" Izuku pouted. He couldn't fly! Only float! He'd have to find another way up to the second floor.

"Tough luck, kid. Find class 1-A." Came Shouta's clearly amused response.

Izuku hadn't heard the door open which meant the sudden voice gave him a fright.

"Oh! I'm sorry, Midnight-Sensei! I really thought he was in here! I heard him whisper something to someone? Asking about a student? I'm not too sure. It was hard to hear over all of the other kids." The girl with purple hair guiltily rubbed her hands together, a habit Izuku had as well.

"Ah, don't worry about it, Jirou! I bet he went out the window!" Midnight pointed to the slightly cracked window.

Jirou blinked. "Out...the window? Why would he-" She looked between the window and Midnight with a confused expression.

Midnight nodded. "He's in trouble. Skipped a staff meeting, Naughty Aizawa-sensei."

Izuku didn't bother hiding his snicker. He knew neither of them could see him. Izuku heard an all too similar explosion and flinched. Just because he hoped his hold...friend...had changed doesn't mean that sound wouldn't still bring back memories.

Izuku made his way towards the door, completely ready to leave when he heard Jirou mention his old friend.

"Kaminari probably got on Bakugou's nerves again. I'm glad Sensei's back. Bakugou's been pretty uncontrollable lately." Jirou shrugged. "Hopefully Kirishima calms Bakugou down. I was hoping Aizawa-sensei's first day back would be a calm one but...this is our class we're talking about."

Izuku decided he'd had enough eavesdropping and floated through the door. The hallways were so crowded that Izuku couldn't help giving every single student he phased through some chills. He'd prefer avoiding them altogether, especially since it didn't feel too good for

him either but he didn't want to get lost trying to find Shouta's class!

Izuku went up the set of stairs and looked at the signs on the doors. 1-A, it echoed in his mind. He'd be seeing Kacchan for the first time since he died. He really hoped he was doing better now.

Izuku didn't bother to stop his rambling as he stared at the door. He almost wanted to turn around and just wait the day out in Shouta's apartment. Izuku mustered up all the bravery he had and glanced through the window. Inside, he could see Bakugou clenching his fists at a kid with yellow hair and another kid with plain black hair.

Izuku couldn't help his flinch as Bakugou went forward to shut the two up. Izuku almost expected another set of explosions to go off but the kid behind Bakugou with red hair wrapped his arm around Bakugou's shoulders and muttered something to him before laughing as Bakugou pushed him off.

"Oh...are you new?"

Izuku jumped out of his skin and turned to the voice.

A girl. She was semi-translucent. Her hair was short and a blonde-ish color. He couldn't tell what color her eyes were, they seemed to shift every time the light hit her. She was wearing the UA uniform so she was definitely a student.

"You can see me?" The two of them echoed each other before meeting each other's eyes with bewildered expressions.

Izuku gaped. A girl this young had almost died before? A hero

student...maybe that's why she wants to be a hero. Izuku held up 2 mangled fingers. "How many fingers am I holding up?"

The girl snorted, "Two! Why wouldn't I be able to see you? I'm the invisible one here, silly!"

Izuku's eyes widened, "Your quirk is invisibility? That's so cool!" Izuku grinned. "O-oh! I'm Izuku! You are?"

"I'm Hagakure! Do you know why you can see me? No one has ever seen me before...this is really weird." Hagakure's hands were flapping at her sides.

"I think I can see you because you're in an in-between state between the living plane and the plane where ghosts live." Izuku found his mind trying to find any possible explanation.

Hagakure's eyes widened. Her eyes filled with tears and Izuku panicked! Oh no! He made her cry! His first chance at getting a friend and he made her cry!

"Sorry! Sorry! It's just- No ones ever seen me before. It's overwhelming. W-why can't people see you?" Hagakure wiped at her tears with her gloves.

"Oh. I'm a ghost."

"A ghost?"

"Uh huh."

"That's so cool! Can we be friends? Wait- why can I see you? If you're a ghost?" Hagakure blushed but didn't seem like she wanted to take back her words.

Izuku's eyes lit up with an emotion he hadn't felt in a long time. "Because you've almost died before...Oh, and of course, we can! You're my first friend since I die-" Izuku was cut off by another voice.

"Hagakure! Who're you talking to? Is it a ghost? You know I've had a theory about you actually being a ghost for a longgg time! but Todoroki keeps putting holes in my theory because you can touch things." The girl was pink. Completely pink with jagged horns popping out of her curly hair. "Oh well- we have to hurry into class! Aizawa-Sensei's back!"

Hagakure shrugged, her action exaggerated. “Oh! Hi Mina! I’ll be in the class in a second! Okay?” Hagakure gently placed her gloved hands on Mina’s shoulder and pushed her into the classroom.

“Boo! I was gonna show you my new glitter nail polish but Sensei doesn’t like it when I get it out during class!” Mina pouted but let Hagakure push her into the room.

Izuku jumped back as the door opened and more of Bakugou’s explosions echoed through the hall. He’d thought he would’ve gotten over his flinching during the time he’d spent away from Bakugou but it seemed like it was instinct at this point .

“Don’t worry about him, Izuku! He’s just a little grumpy because he can’t get away with cussing at the sub anymore!” Hagakure snickered.

“Is he…” Izuku hesitated. He didn’t want to make Bakugou out to be a bully if he wasn’t anymore. “Rude?”

Hagakure tilted her head, her hair flopping to the side. “Rude? A little bit. He’s not a bully or well not to our class, I guess. I don’t really know how to describe him. He has some nicknames for us. Like Mina,” Hagakure pointed to Mina through the window. “He calls her Racoon Eyes and he likes to act like he’s going to use his quirk on us but he never has.” Hagakure sniffed and rubbed at her nose.

Izuku perked up. “He’s never used his quirk on anyone?” He was definitely smiling.

Hagakure nodded, “Never! Except for training!”

The school bell rang which caused Hagakure’s eyes to widen! “Sensei’s gonna make me do extra laps!” She yelped before darting through the door.

Izuku quickly phased through the door in time to hear Shouta about to assign her extra laps. “Wait!” Izuku shouted.

If any of the students besides Hagakure could see him they didn’t mention it.

“You can’t give her extra laps! She was talking to me! Please!” Izuku flashed his puppy dog eyes that he knew worked all too well on Shouta.

Shouta glanced at Izuku for a brief moment but instantly regretted it as soon as he saw the pleading green eyes. “Hagakure. Don’t be late again.” He gave her a stern look.

“Yes, Sensei! I won’t be late again! Promise!” She hurried to her seat and set her bag down.

The class broke into murmurs of surprise.

“He let her off easy! Last time I was late I got 4 extra laps!” The boy with yellow hair.

“Maybe he has a headache?” A girl with black hair put up into a ponytail

“He always has a headache so that doesn’t count!” The boy with plain black hair, which Izuku now noticed his oddly shaped elbows.

“Perhaps, he’s still healing from his injuries.” A boy with blue hair, who looked similar to one of Shouta’s friends who came to visit while he was injured.

Izuku glanced towards Shouta who already looked fed up. He took a gulp of his coffee, that he must’ve gotten after he climbed out the window. His hair fell into his face but he made no effort to remove“Alright, brats! Get out all the homework I assigned. All of it’s due today except for the essay, that’s due Friday.”

Izuku could feel the worry that spread throughout the classroom.

Shouta groaned. “If for some reason you need an extension let me know and we’ll discuss it after class.”

The kid with yellow hair grinned before Shouta shot him a glare, “No, Kaminari, your dog eating your homework doesn’t count as a valid circumstance.”

Kaminari deflated and slowly pulled out of all his homework, which looked to be significantly less than everyone else's.

“For fu-” Bakugou snarled and shot a glare at Kaminari. “Dunce face doesn’t have his homework because I burnt it!” Bakugou sat back down and aggressively sorted his homework.

Izuku’s eyes widened. Bakugou looked like he’d swallowed a lemon. His friend had definitely grown as a person since Izuku died.

This was also when he noticed the boy with red and white hair and a scar staring directly at him with a blank expression.

Shouta sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “I’ll give you extra copies of the homework you *have* to turn them in within the next two weeks, got it?”

Kaminari nodded, “Yes, sir!”

“Now. Iida, Shinsou, Momo. Collect the homework and put it on my desk.” Shouta ordered before taking another gulp of his coffee and continued grading the papers from before he was injured.

Iida, the blue haired boy, Jirou, the earphone girl from earlier, and the girl with the black hair in a ponytail all began to collect the stacks of homework from everyone.

Izuku glanced at Hagakure for a moment, she seemed stressed. Almost, tense. He bent down closer to Shouta and whispered, “Hagakure seems stressed.”

Shouta’s pen froze. He pulled out a spare sheet of paper from his desk and wrote his reply. “You can see her?” He tapped the response with his pen a few times.

Izuku nodded. “I think it’s something to do with me being a ghost.”

“I’ll check in with her after class. Can any of the other students see you?” Shouta marked a few questions wrong on the assignment he was grading.

“The boy with red and white hair is staring at me. So either he’s really interested in the wall or he can see me.” Izuku said in a hushed voice just in case the boy could hear and see him.

Shouta didn’t write out another response but nodded.

Izuku found himself switching between floating next to Hagakure who would smile softly at him every so often and pestering Shouta who seemed about ready to throw his capture weapon at him again.

Izuku sat next to Jirou for a few moments just so he could listen to the music that softly sounded from her headphones.

Going with Shouta to school might happen more often! Izuku found himself enjoying the new atmosphere. It was so different compared to the hospital. And it was nice to see Bakugou. And there was someone, his age, that could see him!

The class was surprisingly quiet once they got to working on something. There was the occasional murmur between friends, the scratch of pencil, a few phones going off, and Bakugou threatening Shinsou but overall it was nice.

Izuku also rather enjoyed randomly flicking Kaminari's pencil off of his desk. And sure, he got a few glares from Shouta but it was amusing and wasn't causing any harm so he kept doing it.

Izuku froze when he heard heavy footsteps stomping up to the door.

Shouta groaned, he did *not* want to deal with Him today.

"I AM HERE!"

The warmth from the room vanished, only an icy breeze remained. A thin layer of frost began to cover the windows.

"A-all Might." Izuku's voice shook as he moved backward, as far from the hero as he could get.

All Might's eyes snapped towards Izuku, instantly paling. He gulped but kept his signature smile on his face.

“D-did you activate your quirk, Todoroki?” The girl with short brown hair shivered. “It s-suddenly got really cold!” She wrapped her arms around herself in an attempt to warm herself.

The boy didn’t answer but glanced towards Izuku then back at All Might.

Izuku could feel panic building within him. His limbs felt heavy as if he were being pulled toward the ground. Izuku shot a desperate look towards Shouta. He wanted out. He wanted to be back in Shouta’s apartment with the cats and Icarus.

Shouta met Izuku’s eyes and nodded firmly.

“All Might.” Shouta stood from his desk, shoving his hands in his pockets. “My students were in the middle of an assignment. You better have a good reason for interrupting.”

All Might was still staring directly at Izuku.

Izuku’s limbs grew stiff. He was stuck. He couldn’t move. It was as if he was back on the roof.

Worried murmurs echoed throughout the classroom as the lights flickered. The thin layer of frost now covering every inch of the windows.

“Kaminari?” The boy with plain black hair and Mina echoed each other.

“Wasn’t me!” The boy cried, raising his hands in surrender.

“Calm down! Reacting like this is uncivilized!” Iida ordered, his hand chopping the air.

“I’m sure it’s just a malfunction with the building.” Momo tried to reassure her classmates.

Shouta’s eye twitched with annoyance as All Might wasted his class's time. “You gonna answer my question or stand there wasting my time?”

All Might slowly tore his eyes from Izuku’s and cleared his throat. His smile forced, “Of course! I was simply worried for my co-worker! You missed the meeting this morning and I wanted to check to make sure you were in good health!” His voice made Izuku try to squeeze further against the back wall.

Jirou huffed a laugh.

“Well, I’m alive.” Shouta shifted his stance, “So get out.” The underlying threat made everyone in the room shudder.

In the chaos that was the flickering lights, frosted windows, and Shouta’s anger no one noticed Hagakure sneak to the back of the classroom.

“Izuku?” She whispered, her gloved hand reaching towards Izuku only to flinch away as a wave of cold air blasted outward.

“HAHA! Of course! I’ll see you after school, Aizawa!” All Might let out another laugh as he shuffled out the door. Closing it harder than necessary.

Shouta sat back into his seat with a sigh. “Get back to work, brats.”

Most of the class scrambled to do their work, not wanting to be at the tail end of Shouta’s anger today.

None of the students were brave enough to mention the frost that covered the windows.

“Izuku?” Hagakure whisper was drowned out by the clicking pens. “It’s okay. He’s gone.”

Izuku wiped at his bloody tears. “Hagakure?” His voice cracked. “I’m...I’m okay now. You should go back to your seat.”

“Promise?” Her face crumpled in worry.

“Promise.” Izuku nodded.

--

Shouta was half tempted to dismiss the class early as soon as All Might had left. He didn’t know what had happened with Izuku but he knew the kid was suffering, even after Hagakure tried to comfort him.

He didn't. He knew if he dismissed them early that Nezu and Nemuri would demand an answer from him and he couldn't lie to those two because they always saw through it.

Hagakure and Todoroki were the last ones to leave the classroom. Todoroki made it no secret that he was able to see Izuku but he hadn't attempt to say anything to the brat. Hagakure fretted over Izuku for a few minutes after Todoroki left until Mina came to drag her out of the classroom.

"You okay, Kid?" Shouta glanced up from the paper he was grading.

Izuku shrugged. "I don't know. I-I wasn't expecting All Might to be here."

Shouta slouched into his capture weapon. "Does All Might make you uncomfortable?" Shouta took his eyes off of Izuku in an attempt to make the kid more comfortable.

"Y-yes," Izuku answered. Shouta could hear the emotions thick in the boy's voice.

"I'll give you a warning if he's going to show up for any of the classes from now on." Shouta said.

"You're not gonna ask why he makes me uncomfortable?" Izuku's voice shook and Shouta had to curb his anger towards All Might once again.

"No. If you want to tell me you can but I'm not going to force you." Shouta was all too familiar with being forced into situations that made

him uncomfortable to the point of panic attacks.

“Thank you, Shou.” Izuku finally floated closer to Shouta.

Shouta hummed his response as he wrote the grade at the top of the paper before pulling the bottom drawer of his desk open and pulling out a jelly pouch.

Izuku’s giggle echoed through the classroom but it wasn’t as playful as the giggles he’d heard as the kid chased his cats around the apartment. “You know those don’t count as breakfast, right?”

Shouta flipped him off and slurped the jelly pouch.

“That’s not very nice, Shou.” Izuku hovered in front of Shouta’s desk with a pout.

Shouta rolled his eyes. “That’s the point.”

Izuku went silent after that. Shouta would’ve thought he’d disappeared if it weren’t for Izuku flicking something off of Shouta’s desk every few minutes.

Izuku flicked a pen off of his desk. Shouta picked the pen up. Izuku waited, then flicked the stapler off. Shouta sighed but picked up the stapler as well. Then a few minutes later Shouta looked up to make sure Izuku wasn’t going to flick something else off. Izuku met his eyes and slowly reached towards the cup of pens.

Shouta tilted his head, daring Izuku to push the cup off the desk.

Izuku pouted and pulled his hand away from the cup. Shouta looked at his pile of ungraded papers in relief only to hear the cup of pens clatter to the floor.

Shouta looked up from his desk with an exasperated expression. “No wonder cats like you so much…” Shouta muttered under his breath before addressing Izuku. “Are you going to do that all day?”

Izuku blinked at him innocently before sighing. “I wish. It’s too draining to solidify my hand for that long right now.”

“Good. I’d probably lose all my sanity if you were able to do that all day.” Shouta bent down and collected the pens back into the cup. As much as he wished the kid was able to solidify for longer amounts of time so the kid could have the hug he so desperately wanted...having to put up with Izuku’s cat-like tendencies would probably make him go insane.

Around lunchtime, Izuku decided that Shouta deserved a moment of peace. He’d been pestering the man all morning and it was honestly surprising that Shouta hadn’t gotten angry with him yet...All of the adults in Izuku’s life got mad at him…so why wasn’t Shouta angry?

Izuku explored the campus with a childlike delight. He’d never been here before. He saw a few heroes lingering around the campus and felt himself vibrate with questions. Maybe he could ask Shouta to ask them the questions.

Izuku found himself resting under a tree. Beams of sunlight leak

through the canopy of orange and red leaves. These were the days Izuku wished he could still feel the sun on his skin.

Izuku reaches out towards the grass, wishing he could feel the gentle breeze passing by. He's so caught up in his bittersweet longing to feel that he doesn't notice the soft crunch of leaves.

"Hey."

Izuku felt an unnatural chill shoot throughout his body as he jumped. You'd think he'd be the one doing the scaring since he's a ghost but no...Izuku is just as jumpy as he'd been when he was alive.

Izuku turned to the voice. Todoroki, he recognized the boy from Shouta's class. Izuku bit his tongue to stop himself from asking how Todoroki got his scar.

"Did he hurt you?" Todoroki asked, waiting expectantly for an answer.

A harsh gust of wind blew by, blowing Todoroki's hair into his face but he made no move to fix it. "Did *who* hurt me?"

Todoroki blinked. "All Might," he said as if it were obvious.

Izuku chuckled nervously. "Not in the way you're assuming." Izuku rubbed the back of his neck.

Todoroki squinted and shoved his hands in his pockets. "You shouldn't

keep quiet because he's the number one hero. If he hurt you then you should tell someone."

Izuku kept his shock contained. Todoroki doesn't know much about social interaction, does he? "It's not as bad as it looked."

"You had a panic attack."

"Yeah." Izuku sank back into the grass and leaned against the tree.

"Something had to have happened for him to trigger that sort of reaction." Todoroki plopped down next to him.

"Yeah but he didn't hurt me. Not physically." Izuku wasn't sure how he was meant to explain the situation to Todoroki.

Todoroki was silent for a few moments as he watched a bird perched on the tree branches above them.

"My dad isn't a good person," Todoroki admits as the bird flies away, causing a few leaves to fall to the ground.

Izuku wasn't sure how to respond. "Uhh, who is your dad?"

"Endeavor," Todoroki answers indifferently though Izuku swears he can hear a touch of hatred.

Hero. Famous. Tell someone. Oh...

“Oh…I hate him too.” Izuku glances towards Todoroki who found a random pebble to fiddle with. “Y’know…that you don’t have to keep it a secret either…right?”

Todoroki shrugs. “He’s not physically abusive and when my brother went to the cops they…” Todoroki lets his head thump against the tree. “They didn’t do anything…so I’ll just wait.”

“Wait for what?”

“Anything.”

“You should tell Aizawa then…he would help you,” Izuku suggests.

“Maybe.”

The two of them fall into another lapse of silence.

“Is your scar how you almost died?” Izuku blurts after the silence gets to him. He hates silence, it reminds him of how dead he is.

Todoroki nods. “Is that why I can see you?”

“Yeah.”

“So Sensei can see you because of the USJ attack?”

Izuku remembered a few of Shouta's friends mentioning the USJ attack but he wasn't too sure on what happened. "Uhm...probably? If that's when he got really hurt then yeah."

Todoroki nodded. "Yeah. Villains attacked our training area and Sensei got injured."

"Hey Todoroki?"

Todoroki turned to Izuku.

"Can we be friends? I mean- we don't have to be if you don't want to be. It's just that- Well, not many people my age can see me! Actually I've only met Aizawa, you and Hagakure who can see me so- yeah! But uhm...sorry if I assumed that you want to be friends and you don't- "

"Sure."

"-wanna be friends cuz I'm really weird and dead- well a ghost but technically dead. Wait! Sure?" Izuku gaped.

"Sure." Todoroki repeated.

Izuku's first thought was ' *Yay! I have two friends now'* and his second one was ' *wow that was awkward.'*

The Yamazawa apartment was never silent. That's what Izuku was beginning to understand.

Izuku was playing with Bubbles on the floor when Hizashi got home. Apparently, on most days Shouta was always home before Hizashi since Hizashi had to patrol and usually stopped by the radio station.

"Hi Shouta! Izuku! I'm home!"

Izuku grinned and scrambled over to the coffee table that a piece of pen and paper was on. He wrote 'Hi!' in bold letters and set the pen down, waiting for Hizashi to notice.

Hizashi plopped down, nearly squashing Black. "Do you wanna practice writing some more?" Hizashi asked, not even flinching as Icarus dived off of his perch and landed on his shoulder. "I missed you too, Icarus." he cooed to the bird.

'Sure!' Izuku's response was sloppily written.

"Great!" Hizashi grinned. "I heard there was a commotion in Shou's classroom today. Do ya know what happened?"

Izuku frowned. He supposed he'd have to talk about this one way or another. 'All Might showed up. I didn't know he was there. Had a panic attack and made the lights flicker- yknow ghost stuff.'

Hizashi huffed and moved Icarus out from in front of his eyes. “You had a panic attack? I’m sorry, kiddo. Those suck big time.” Hizashi rubbed at his wrist. “I’ve had a few before.”

“Big time.” Icarus mimicked.

“See! Icarus agrees!” Hizashi laughed quietly.

Izuku smiled. ‘Yeah…I made two friends though!’

“Oh! Who are they?” Hizashi was practically vibrating with excitement.

‘Todoroki and Hagakure! I can see Hagakure too!’

Hizashi’s eyes widened. “Hagakure? The invisible one? You can see her? That’s actually pretty amazing!” Hizashi smiled in Izuku’s direction. “I bet she was happy, yeah?”

Izuku nodded then realized that Hizashi couldn’t actually see him. ‘Yeah! She cried of happiness when she realized I could see her too! Also- Does Shou regularly climb through windows to avoid Midnight?’

Hizashi burst into laughter after he read the paper. “O-only when h-he misses staff meetings!” Hizashi stuttered out through his laughter.

Hizashi was still laughing when Shouta entered the living room. Shouta looked between the two of them curiously.

“Izu was just asking whether you climbing through windows to avoid Nemuri was a regular occurrence.” Hizashi held a hand over his mouth in an attempt to muffle his laughter.

“She’s scary.” Shouta shrugged. “Takeout or leftovers? It’s too late to cook.”

“Takeout.” Hizashi said as he set Icarus on the coffee table. “I’ll go order.”

Shouta watched Hizashi grab his phone and leave the apartment. They learned the hard way that whenever they tried to order indoors Icarus would screech until they were done ordering. Once Hizashi shut the door Shouta turned back to Izuku. “How was your day, kid?”

“It was okay…I made another friend during lunch!”

“Oh?” Shouta scooped up Styrofoam.

“Yeah! Todoroki! He found me during lunch and we talked.”

Shouta gave Izuku an odd look. “Ah, the conversation I had with him after lunch makes sense now.”

Izuku tilted his head. “He told me about his dad. Or some of it anyways. I arranged for him to live in the teacher’s dorms while we investigate Endeavor.”

Izuku beamed. “I didn’t think he’d actually tell you!” Izuku flapped his arms. “I’m glad he did!”

“Speaking of friends. I need a favor from you.” Shouta mumbled as he pet Styrofoam.

“A favor?”

“I need you to keep an eye on Hagakure during class when you’re in there. I can’t see her so I’m never quite sure if she’s struggling.” Shouta admitted.

“Oh! I can keep an eye on her then!” Izuku nodded.

Izuku didn’t mention his unease to Shouta. He figured he was being dramatic about his panic attack earlier that day. He didn’t think he would end up not being able to sleep.

He restlessly tossed and turned for a few hours until he finally managed to fall asleep

---

Shouta woke up with a start. He slapped his hands over his ears before he realized that the horrifying scream was coming from his apartment. He squinted and glanced towards Hizashi who was still sleeping soundly.

He was out of bed and running down the hallway in an instant. Shouta winced as he kicked the coffee table. “Izuku!” Shouta crouched next to the green haired kid. “Izu! You’re alright. You’re safe.” Shouta did his best to comfort the screaming kid.

Izuku woke up and scrambled away from Shouta with wide eyes.

“Woah!” Shouta backed up from Izuku to give him some space. “You’re safe, kid. I promise. It’s just me.”

Izuku relaxed, “S-shou?”

Shouta nodded “Yeah. It’s me, kiddo.”

“O-oh…I’m sorry. D-did I wake you?” Izuku sniffled and wiped at the tears of blood that were falling down his face.

“No, I was grading papers.” Shouta lied. “Do you wanna talk about it?” Shouta had a sneaking suspicion that it had to do with All Might. Izuku hadn’t had a single nightmare the entire time Shotua was in the hospital and now that All Might shows up the kid has a nightmare? Definitely not a coincidence.

“S-sorry for interrupting you then.” Izuku wrapped his arms around himself.

Shouta shrugged. “It really doesn’t matter. You’re more important than grading a few papers.” He reached forward and placed his hand on Izuku’s knee.

Shouta and Izuku both froze at the unexpected contact. Shouta had expected his hand to phase through Izuku's body like it normally did.

Izuku's eyes shot open and he reached a hand forward and poked Shouta's arm.

"That's new." Shouta mumbled before Izuku launched himself at Shouta.

Shouta hesitated to wrap his arms around Izuku in case he was imagining things and his arms ended up phasing through the kid. "Do you wanna tell me what the nightmare was about?"

Izuku's arms tightened around Shouta and his sniffles turned back into sobs. "All M-might…" Izuku whispered quietly before saying "I-I really missed hugs!" as an attempt to keep the topic off of his nightmare.

Shouta kept his promise and didn't try to pry any answers about All Might out of the kid. If Izuku wanted to tell him then he could but Izuku wouldn't force him. Shouta wasn't sure what to say so he was glad Hizashi chose this moment to stumble into the living room.

"Shou?" Hizashi rubbed his eyes with one hand and fiddled with his hearing aids with the other. "I felt you get up. Is everything okay?

Izuku scrambled from Shouta's arms and leaped towards Hizashi who just barely managed to stay upright. "Shou?"

"Guess again." Shouta snorted.

“Izuku?” Hizashi looked down and he could just barely see a vague outline of the kid. “Izuku!” Hizashi wrapped his arms around him. “I can barely see you but that’s more than I can normally see. When did this happen?”

“A few minutes ago...after I woke from a nightmare.” Izuku’s voice was muffled by Hizashi’s hoodie. “But I don’t think it’s gonna last long, I can already feel myself losing my senses.”

Hizashi hummed. “Well at least I got a hug from you. I wonder why it happened?”

“If I had to guess, I’d say the sudden burst of emotions served as an amplifier to his normal energy levels. Kid, you said when you make your hand solid so you move things it takes a lot of energy, right?” Shouta wondered aloud as he moved from the floor to the couch.

“Yeah.” Izuku agreed.

“Well, even when you do that it doesn’t make you visible to Hizashi so...maybe your emotions are a key to controlling your ability to touch things or make yourself visible?”

Izuku shrugged and ended up phasing through Hizashi. “Dang.” He muttered. “I hope emotions are the key to it, I really want another hug.”

Hizashi made his way to the couch and plopped next to Shouta. “I can still kinda hear him, he sounds exactly how I imagined him to…”

Izuku felt every ounce of energy disappear from his body. “Suddenly...really really….tired.” Izuku barely managed to make it to the couch before he collapsed.

“Well, you get some sleep, Izu.” Hizashi leaned against Shouta’s shoulder. “Me and Shou will stay right here, in case you have another nightmare.”

“Uh huh…” Izuku agreed before he fell asleep.

“I’m gonna have a sore back tomorrow,” Shouta complained half-heartedly as he leaned against the couch.

“Oh, hush. I can hear the smile in your voice.”

“Whatever.” Shouta huffed as he tugged a blanket over the both of them.

When the three of them woke up they discovered that Hizashi was now able to sense where Izuku was. A side effect from being able to see him even if it was just a few moments, Shouta assumed.

The three of them fell into a routine that week. Shouta would leave the bedroom door cracked in case Izuku had another nightmare, sometimes Shouta would go to Izuku to make sure he was okay and other times Izuku would randomly crawl into their bed.

Izuku had also gotten better at writing and was able to write consistently for an hour before he found his energy waning.

Hizashi still got startled when he saw random floating objects but he hadn't ended up screeching since the first time.

The three of them thoroughly enjoyed taking walks through the park when they took Icarus flying. Shouta would complain about the sun a few times but his complaints were always drowned out by Izuku's rambles about the newest hero he'd seen on the tv.

Izuku paced back and forth in the living room. He'd made plans with Hagakure and Todoroki a few days ago, they were planning to go on a walk in the park and maybe get some coffee. However, he'd completely forgot to tell Shouta he was going.

Shouta set his pen down and glanced at Izuku. "Spit it out, Kid. If I have to watch you pace for one more minute I might lose my mind."

Izuku froze. "I uhh...I was gonna ask if I could spend the afternoon with Hagakure and Todoroki?" Izuku said, fidgeting with his fingers as he awaited an answer.

Shouta quirked an eyebrow. "And you felt the need to ask me if you could go?"

Hizashi snorted into his coffee from his spot on the couch. Izuku had told Hizashi about his plans the day he'd made them during one of their daily writing sessions.

Shouta gave Hizashi a questioning look.

“Well I- uhh I just- I didn’t want you to worry…y’know if I just left without telling you…” Izuku dropped his gaze to the floor.

Shouta shook his head. “You can go.” Shouta said as he picked his pen back up. “But be back home before dark. If you run late just stay at UA with Todoroki and I’ll pick you up before my patrol.”

Izuku beamed. “Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! When I figure out how to turn solid I’m gonna give you a hug!” Izuku promised.

Shouta hummed, hiding his smile as he marked another question wrong on Sero’s assignment.

It’s not until Izuku left to meet up with Hagakure and Todoroki that Hizashi looked up from his book (that Icarus was trying to chew) and said “You’re such a dad, Shou.”

Shouta choked on his breath. “What?!”

Izuku was halfway to the park when he realized Shouta had called his apartment Izuku’s ‘home’ as well. He flapped his hands slightly. He liked having a home.

Izuku looked around the park with a grin. He’d agreed to meet his friends by the small bridge that went over a small stream. Orange,

red, and brown leaves were littered upon the ground. Izuku didn't let himself get caught up in his longing to stomp on the leaves, to hear the crunch.

Izuku hurried to the bridge. He spotted his friends and smiled. Todoroki was fiddling with the scarf Hagakure had made for him, it was horribly knitted but he wore it constantly.

Hagakure was wearing the gloves Todoroki got her, they were a bright neon pink.

Hagakure leaned over the railing to watch the leaves drift through the stream (nearly giving Todoroki a heart attack when she almost fell) and turned her head towards Izuku. "Todoroki! He's here!" Hagakure grabbed Todoroki's hand and tugged him with her as she ran towards Izuku.

Hagakure nearly tumbled into a pile of leaves as she skidded to a stop. "Hi, Izu!"

Todoroki nodded, "Hello, Izuku."

"Hey, guys!" Izuku waved.

"Okay, lets go! Let's go! Todoroki promised to buy my coffee!" Hagakure pointed towards the coffee shop that was on the other end of the park and could barely be seen through the branches of the trees.

Izuku laughed, "Yeah! Lets go!"

Todoroki ended up setting their pace as a slow walk. His excuse being "There's no point in running."

"Hey! That one looks like you!" Hagakure pointed to a koi fish that was all white with a splatter of red on its face.

Izuku peeked into the pond as well. "Oh! It really does! You should take a picture of it!" Hagakure hurriedly took a picture before the fish swam away.

Todoroki then leaned over to look at the fish. "I don't see the resemblance."

Hagakure huffed, her hands on her hips. "Lameee! It looks just like you! It's got the scar and everything!"

Todoroki squinted at the fish again. "I guess."

Izuku snorted as Hagakure tossed another handful of leaves on top of Todoroki, who was already covered in leaves after he tripped and fell into a pile of leaves.

"Tada!" Hagakure giggled as she placed a single leaf in Todoroki's

hair. “Perfect!”

Todoroki sneezed and sent the leaves on his shoulders and hair flying away. He wiped his nose and blinked at Hagakure and Izuku’s identical frowns. “Oh.” He plucked a leaf out of the pile and placed it on his head. “There. You may take your picture now.”

Hagakure grinned with glee and quickly snapped a few pictures.

“Hey Todoroki?” Hagakure questioned as she stared into the hero gift shop.

“Yes, Hagakure?”

“Do you wanna buy some All Might merch and then burn it?”

Izuku was the only one who could see the evil-like gleam in her eyes. “W-why would you wanna do that?” Izuku stumbled over his words at the mention of All Might.

Hagakure spun around to Izuku and wagged her finger at him. “To say a good ole ‘screw you’ to both Endeavor and All Might!” Todoroki had told Hagakure about his dad after he moved into the teachers’ dorms on campus. “We buy All Might merch with Endeavors money! Then we burn it!”

Todoroki glanced at his hand, making a small flame. “Yes.”

“Yes?”

“Yes.” Todoroki nodded.

“Great!” Hagakure clapped her hands together.

Hagakure and Todoroki both entered the hero merch store and collected a wide variety of All Might merch.

“O-oh no! G-guys! Y-you shouldn’t just burn things!” (No matter how tempting it might be). Izuku chased after Hagakure and Todoroki.

The three friends were almost at the coffee shop when Izuku heard a pained groan from one of the alleys. Izuku paused and glanced down the narrow alley.

“Izu?” Hagakure blinked at him. “You okay?”

Todoroki tilted his head.

Izuku nodded slowly. “Wait here for a second,” he said quietly. He would be fine if a villain was bleeding out, ready to lash out at the next person they saw, but Todoroki and Hagakure would both be at risk.

“Wha-?” Hagakure tried to follow Izuku but was held by Todoroki.

“Trust him.”

Hagakure crossed her arms and tapped her foot worriedly.

Izuku floated down the alley until he spotted a foot, he sped up until he could see the person.

Izuku paused. He knew this person. It was the Shouta-look-alike from class 1A… “Shinsou?” Izuku was pretty sure that was his name at least.

Izuku watched the purple haired kid jump and drop the shard of glass. “What the hell! You again!” The kid held a hand over his wrist.

Izuku dropped to his knees, wishing he could help. “A-are you okay? You couldn’t see me when I first started showing up in class? Did you try to…” Izuku didn’t finish the question. He already knew the answer, he could see the long jagged wounds that were a few days old.

“Try to off myself?” Shinsou scoffed. “Of course I did. I thought things would get better once I was in the hero course but of course, it just got worse. My shitty dad just hates the thought of me being a hero.” It was then that Izuku spotted the series of cigarette burns along Shinsou’s upper arm.

Izuku gulped. “Shinsou…I know this seems like the only solution b-but it’s not. I-I know someone who would help you.”

“What do you know?” Shinsou rolled his eyes. “Who even are you?”

“I-I’m Izuku…I’m a ghost…I uhh, I jumped.”

“A ghost?” Shinsou blinked then looked at his arm. “Must’ve worked this time.” Shinsou then frowned and looked back up to Izuku. “Do you regret it?”

Izuku nodded. “Everyday.”

“I was scared.” Shinsou admitted and Izuku nodded silently. “When it wouldn’t stop bleeding. You…you said you knew someone who could help?”

“Yeah…”

“Who?” Shinsou eyes Izuku cautiously.

“Aizawa.”

“No.” Shinsou snapped immediately but then looked as if he was thinking it through. “Why should I trust you?”

Izuku shrugged. “I wouldn’t trust me.” Izuku said bluntly. “But- I would however trust your classmates.” Izuku pointed his twisted thumb towards Hagakure and Todoroki who were still waiting outside the alley.

Shinsou seemed to pale further as he peeked around the edge of the dumpster. “Shit.” Shinsou slammed his eyes shut. “Okay. Okay.” Shinsou tried to stand up but slid back down to the ground. “I’ll probably need their help getting out of here anyway.”

Izuku waved a hand. “Come on! He needs your help!”

“Who needs our help?” Hagakure skidded to a stop as her eyes shot open. “Oh! Oh! Shinsou! I have some bandages in my purse.” Hagakure dug through her purse and pulled out some bandages and slapped Shinsou’s hand away so she could apply the large bandage. “You’ll still need to clean it. What happened?”

Todoroki glanced at the pale scars on his wrist and shook his head. “Questions later, Hagakure.” Todoroki figured he’d save Shinsou from the bombardment of questions.

“Questions never,” Shinsou snarled. “I just need your help getting out of here.”

Todoroki just shrugged and offered a hand for Shinsou to take.

Once Izuku led Todoroki and Hagakure to Shouta’s apartment, he quietly asks Todoroki if he could walk Hagakure back to her house since it was getting dark. It wasn’t that Izuku didn’t think Hagakure could take care of herself, it was more about the fact that Hagakure had told Izuku that she was scared of the dark.

Todoroki nodded and silently left with Hagakure, who seemed rather

hesitant to leave Shinsou's side despite all the snarling and threats he'd sent her way.

"Do I even want to know why you know where Aizawa's apartment is?" Shinsou questioned.

"I live with him...Can you open the door?" Izuku asked, wondering if he would need to phase through the door.

"Isn't that like wrong?" Shinsou squinted. "Opening the door to someone's house when you hardly know them?"

Izuku shrugged. "I normally just phase through the door but since you can't do that…"

Shinsou sighed and gently twisted the door knob, wincing as a jolt of pain shot down his arm.

Izuku nodded and Shinsou hesitantly entered the apartment. Shinsou nudged the door shut and looked around awkwardly.

"Izuku? Is that you?" Hizashi's head peeked out from around a corner. Hizashi's mouth fell open. "You're not Izuku...Uhh you're Shinsou...right?"

Shinsou stiffed and backed up against the door. "That's not Aizawa." He snarled at Izuku who put his hands up in surrender.

"That's his husband! Don't worry!"

Shinsou sniffed. “...husband?”

Hizashi perked up. “Oh so Izuku is with you.” Hizashi nodded and took in Shinsou’s disheveled form. “I’ll go get Eraser, ‘kay, kiddo?”

Hizashi scurried off down another hall with Icarus on his shoulder. “Shouta! Shouta! Sho-” His voice grew muffled as he went further down the hallway.

Shinsou gulped. “Why cant he see you?” Shinsou jerked his head toward the spot Hizshi was just standing.

“He’s never nearly died before.”

“Oh.”

It didn’t take long for Shouta to shuffle out of the hallway, giving his husband a glare. “Why the hell did you wake me up again?”

Shinsou froze, Izuku had forced him to sit on the couch. Izuku had also brought him a rag and demanded that Shinsou use it to put pressure on his wrist, Hagakure had noticed a few of them went too deep.

Shinsou shifts away from Shouta, his nerves growing by the second.

“Izuku, maybe this wasn’t a good idea- I should just-”

Shouta’s head whips towards Shinsou and Izuku. His eyes scan Izuku first, making sure nothing had happened to his problem child. Then he scans Shinsou and notices the rag pressed against his wrist.

“Shinsou,” Shouta says evenly.

Shinsou takes this moment of almost silence (If Icarus would stop mimicking Hizsahi’s phone alarm it’d be silent). If Shinsou is at all shocked by seeing his homeroom teacher wearing bright pink sweats and a Present Mic themed hoodie with a cat cradled in his arms he doesn’t let it show.

Izuku gave Shinsou a supportive smile in an attempt to soothe him. He’d known first hand how uncomfortable, how terrifying this could be. He knew that Shinsou was fighting with every bone in his body not to run away. To run somewhere safe.

Izuku didn’t blame him. It was terrifying not knowing how someone was going to react.

Shouta took a step forward and set Black on the floor. He blinked slowly at Shinsou (in a way that reminded Izuku of a cat).

“Zashi, go get the medkit,” Shouta ordered in his ‘Eraserhead’ voice.

Hizashi didn’t hesitate to speed towards the bathroom where the medkit was kept below the sink. Icarus squawked at the sudden movement and flapped his wings and flew towards the couch, as far from Shinsou as he could get.

Shinsou’s eyes flickered between Icarus, Shouta, and Izuku. “I-It’s okay, Sensei. I’m fine. Izuku was just worried and-”

Shouta waved his hand in dismissal. “For good reason.” He didn’t waste any time crouching in front of Shinsou. He gestured towards Shinsou’s wrist and the bloodied rag. One of his expensive washcloths that didn’t irritate his skin, he noted, slightly tempted to glare at

Izuku. “May I?”

Shinsou gulped, seemingly frozen as Shouta slowly - *slowly* - reached towards his wrist. Shinsou flinched back, a fear Izuku knew from when he was living shining in his eyes.

“Shinsou,” Shouta said calmly, pressing his hand on top of Shinsou’s shaking one, meeting his eyes. “These could get infected. I only want to make sure they’re properly cared for. Okay?”

Hizashi hurried back into the room with the medkit, strands of his hair had fallen into his face. “Sorry! I guess I forgot to put it back under the sink when I came home the other day!”

“You got hurt?” Izuku frowned. He hadn’t realized Hizashi had gotten hurt in the past few days.

Shinsou looked at Izuku curiously then back to Hizashi, expecting an answer to the question that Hizashi hadn’t heard.

Hizashi blinked. “Oh! Izuku probably said something. Probably worried about me, sweet boy.” Hizashi cooed then pointed to his upper arm. “Just a little scratch.”

Izuku nodded, content with that answer.

Hizashi could sense the uneasiness flooding off of Shinsou in waves. “Uhh, Izu, what do you say we go chill in the kitchen with Bubbles?”

Izuku was about to agree when he turned back to Shinsou. “Are you okay with that? I won’t leave if you don’t want me to.” Izuku said hurriedly, in a poor attempt to conceal his excitement to spend time with Hizashi.

Shinsou, still looking semi-dazed, nodded. Izuku grinned and glanced at Shouta. “Call if you need me!” Izuku practically flew off the couch and rushed by Hizashi, purposely brushing his mangled hand by Hizashi’s arm to let the man know he’d gone past him.

Shouta waved Izuku off and gently removed the rag from Shinsou’s wrist. “They don’t need stitches. You’re lucky, kid.” Shouta grabbed some of the alcohol wipes, “This might sting.”

The purple-haired boy didn’t react to the alcohol wipes, instead, he was staring into the kitchen at the blond man who was apparently his teacher’s husband. “Who…is he?” Shinsou murmured, more to himself

than Shouta but Shouta definitely heard him.

Shouta snorted and placed the used alcohol wipes in an empty plastic bag. “My husband?”

Shinsou tilted his head at the clear amusement that was coming from Shouta and could easily be heard in his voice. “Yeah?” Shinsou answered hesitantly.

“I’m wearing a Present Mic hoodie and Present Mic slippers. You think I’m wearing these because I’m secretly a fanboy?” (like Izuku.) Shouta left that part off out of his sentence.

Realization dawned on Shinsou’s face before he turned his head away with red cheeks. “Oh.”

“Don’t worry about it, kid.”

The room fell silent aside from Icarus’ squawks and Black’s purrs.

Shinsou was in disbelief. He hadn’t expected his teacher to so willingly accept him into his house. Though there was the chance that he would kick Shinsou out as soon as he bandaged up but… Shinsou had seen the way Izuku acted around Shouta for those few brief moments. Or maybe it was less of their interactions and the way Izuku acted as if this was his home as well.

“Sensei?”

Shouta hummed.

“Could I…Could I talk to you about something?”

- - -

Izuku did his best to focus on his conversation with Hizashi. He would quickly scribble his responses down so Hizashi would answer as soon as possible because for every second Hizashi wasn’t talking it was just another second Izuku was tempted to eavesdrop on Shouta and Shinsou’s conversation.

Once they both heard the quiet sobs coming from the living room. Hizashi broke into a nonstop story. It felt wrong to overhear anything

either of them said. Especially after Shinsou starting crying.

Izuku would write down questions and Hizashi would seamlessly switch from the story he was telling to answering Izuku's question then switch back the story. Hizashi definitely didn't tell at least 3 embarrassing stories about Shouta.

Hizashi eventually trailed off into silence. The sobs coming from the living room that had lasted at least an hour had finally died down as well.

Shouta padded into the room with a familiar exhausted expression. "He passed out on the couch. Gotta call Nezu." Shouta yanked his phone off the table and angrily tapped the screen with a scowl.

"What happened?" Hizashi was the first to speak up during the few moments of silence while Shouta waited for Nezu to answer his phone.

"He's going to be rooming with Todoroki for a while," Shouta said as if it answered all of their questions.

And while it did answer some of Izuku's questions. It still left many questions unanswered. What situation had Shinsou been in? And for how long? Izuku shook his head. He probably shouldn't ask invasive questions. No matter what situation Izuku imagined Shinsou in his heart sank to his stomach…he'd given up on wondering how he could still feel such things when he didn't technically have organs a long time ago.

"Oh." Hizashi didn't have anything to say. His fingers tapping against the table as he kept his mouth shut not wanting to risk Shouta's anger bubbling over the surface before Nezu even answered the phone.

The phone call was anything but civil. It was filled with Shouta snarling out threats and insults until finally, Nezu stopped skillfully avoiding the topic. Nezu instantly approved Shouta's choice to take Shinsou's care into the hands of UA and allow him to stay in the teachers' dorms.

Izuku had known Shouta was fiercely protective of his students but this was the first time he'd seen it in person. Izuku briefly allowed himself to imagine himself as one of Shouta's students. He would sit in the empty desk behind Bakugou and in front of Shinsou. Izuku just knew he'd cause Shouta all sorts of problems.

Shouta looked as if he would slam his phone on the table and

probably shatter it but Hizashi was quick to slip behind his husband and wrap his arms around Shouta's waist and rest his chin on his shoulder.

Izuku didn't bother prying his eyes away from the intimate moment. Not even as Shouta let his eyes slip shut and he took a few deep breaths. Izuku only stared harder. He'd never seen his parents act like this around each other when he younger.

Izuku blinked. Blinked again. *Parents?* The thought hit him like a truck. When had he started to think that? He hadn't even known Hizashi that long- or he hadn't been able to communicate with him that long.

Hizashi had also slipped his eyes shut and began to hum a soft tune. Izuku grinned as a plan formed in his mind.

Izuku focused on the memory of hugging Shouta and Hizashi. Not focusing on the nightmare that came before but the hugs. Purely on the hugs. He almost toppled over, unused to actually supporting his weight, as he felt his feet hit the floor with a silent thump. He tiptoed around the table where Hizashi's phone was and slid the camera app open.

Izuku may be dead and a ghost but even he knew to make sure the sound is off before secretly trying to take a picture of someone, a lesson Hizashi still hadn't learned.

Izuku felt a rush of energy flood through him, he still had the memory playing in his mind as he snapped the picture of the both of them. They both looked relaxed. All the anger that had been building up within Shouta had vanished and Hizashi looked like he was so relaxed he could fall asleep.

He stared at the picture for a moment. He wondered if they would print it out. Izuku had always been partial to physical copies of everything which ultimately led to his endless collection of hero notebooks.

Izuku was so caught up in his thoughts that he didn't notice that he had muttered, "Cute." aloud.

Shouta's face turned a shade of red Izuku hadn't seen from him before and Hizashi flashed his usually unabashed grin. Hizashi refused to let go of Shouta who was half-heartedly trying to escape his grasp. "Did you take a picture, Izu?"

“How well are you able to see me?” Izuku deflected the question.

“Pretty well. I can see your eyes and I can see your curly hair. And your little chubby cheeks!” Hizashi squealed, letting go of Shouta so he could rush towards Izuku and gently squish his cheeks together.

Izuku let out a squeak but made no move to bat Hizashi’s hands away. Something about the sudden affection from the older man made him feel as if he had a heart beating beneath his chest once again.

It made him feel alive.

Izuku eventually pulled himself away from Hizashi and darts towards Shouta. He’s almost thrown off by the nearly foreign feeling of his feet hitting the floor with every step.

Izuku threw himself at Shouta, knowing the hero would be able to catch him. Shouta didn’t stumble back but did reach a hand towards the table to steady himself as he wrapped his other arm around Izuku.

“Next time don’t *throw* yourself at me, kid. I don’t know if you can get hurt when you’re in your solid state but I don’t want to risk it.” Once Shouta had steadied himself he pulled his hand from the table and ruffled Izuku’s hair.

Izuku absolutely beamed at the affection. "But I promised you a hug! And you’re only gonna get the best hugs from me!” It was the brightest smile Shouta had ever seen the kid give anyone. This smile even seemed to outshine the smile that took over Izuku’s face when he discovered a new hero that he would be able to research.

Izuku pressed his ear against Shouta’s chest. He was able to hear Shouta’s heart thumping rhythmically beneath his chest.

It didn’t take long for the long day to finally catch up with Izuku. Shouta guided Izuku towards the couch that Shinsou hadn’t fallen asleep on and helped him lay down. The kid refused to release his death grip on Shouta’s hand, he would mutter something about wanting to hear Shouta’s heartbeat again so, of course, Shouta rearranged the kid to where he was laying next to Shouta with his head resting on Shouta’s chest.

Neither of them asked how much longer the solid state would last this time.

- - -

It was a few hours later, after Icarus fell asleep, when Hizashi whispered through the silence, “Shou...there’s a bug.”

Shouta took a deep breath and cracked his eyes open. Izuku’s solid state had lasted this long but Shouta could see that it was slowly draining away.

Shouta glanced towards his husband. The living room was completely dark except for the light shining from Hizashi’s phone. “Do you want me to get it?”

“Please.” Shouta saw Hizashi nod.

Shouta slid out from under Izuku and squinted through the darkness. “Where is it?”

Hizashi pointed towards the corner of the room. “T-there.” Hizashi had been scared of bugs for as long as Shouta knew him.

Shouta shuffled towards it. A moth. Shouta didn’t bother hesitating before cupping his hands around it. It fluttered around fearfully within Shouta’s hands making him cringe.

Shouta slid the balcony door open with his foot. The chilled night air nipped at his skin as he disposed of the moth, letting it fly away in to the night. He hurried back inside.

“It’s gone.” Shouta announced softly and watched as his husband relaxed into his chair.

“Thanks.” Hizashi scooped Styrofoam into his arms.

Shouta hummed then looked at his hands in disgust. “Gonna wash my hands,” Shouta muttered before heading towards the bathroom. Just because he didn’t have a fear of bugs doesn’t mean he enjoys holding them.

- - -

The next day Izuku decided he’d go on a stroll while Hizashi and Shouta took care of the Shinsou situation. When he woke up his solid state had deactivated on its own so he was back to no one seeing him.

He spent most of the day visiting different sections of the city. Mainly the places where the alley cats liked to live. He felt guilty that he hadn't checked on them in a long time.

He was at the last alley. By far the most sketchy of all the alleys. Granted, it wasn't dangerous for him but it was right behind the League of Villains hideout so it definitely gave off some unsettling vibes.

Izuku phased through the chainlink fence so he could get to the cats. He made his way through the alley, near one of the dumpsters when he first saw the cats. He lowered himself to get a better view when he heard two familiar voices.

"You're worrying over nothing. Kid's a ghost he literally can't be hurt."

"You're not worrying enough! Kid's a ghost so what if he just like vanished?!"

"Well can you at least stop messing up your feathers? I'm going to end up having to preen you again."

"I can't help it! This is the third day we've been going around looking for him. We've gone to literally all the alleys with cats and the hospital! I haven't been able to patrol! And-"

Izuku felt a rush of excitement so strong his body solidified. He peeked out from the edge of the dumpster and saw them. His body was moving before he had any time to process anything.

“Dabi! Hawks!” Izuku launched himself towards Dabi who stumbled back but managed to catch him.

“That’s...new?” Dabi commented as he awkwardly pat Izuku on the back.

Hawks squealed. “Little Bird! I want a hug!”

Izuku pulled himself away from Dabi and wrapped his arms around Hawk’s neck.

Hawks practically squeezed the life out of Izuku before letting him go. “Where were you? We checked everywhere!”

“Literally,” Dabi added on.

Izuku pulled away from Hawks and nibbled on his lip as he tried to come up with an explanation.

“Well...I uhh- I sorta got like...adopted? By a pro hero?”

Dabi blinked. Hawks blinked.

“Who?” Hawks grinned. Glad that the kid wasn’t going to be sleeping in that awful hospital anymore.

“Eraserhead!” Izuku grinned. Instantly noticing Hawk’s approving grin.

“And...how did this happen?” Dabi looked conflicted, he knew with Izuku living in a hero’s house he’d be safe but that also meant he couldn’t see the kid as much.

Izuku instantly told the entire story. Midway through it, when he was retelling the All Might moment, his solid form vanished and he was stuck in his ghost form.

“I guess I’ll have to approve of this Eraser hero or whatever.” Dabi rolled his eyes.

“Eraserhead,” Hawks corrected.

“That’s what I said. Eraser whatever.” Dabi shrugged.

Izuku giggled.

“Have you told him about All Might yet? What he did?” Dabi questioned, picking at his nails only to have Hawks smack his hands.

“Don’t pick at your nails, they’ll bleed again.” Hawks scolded him.

Izuku’s smile faded. “I-I was gonna try to tell him tonight. He knows somethings up cuz of the classroom thing but he hasn’t forced me to say anything.”

Hawks sniffed and rubbed his nose. “You trust him though?”

“Yeah!” Izuku nodded quickly. He definitely trusted Shouta!

“Good. All I want is for my Little Bird to have a family again!” Hawks stretched his wings slightly. “We’ll have to figure out a way for Flamebrain to visit you though. Not so sure you’re new- what am I supposed to call them- Housemates? Parents? Either way, not sure they’ll appreciate a villain barging in constantly.”

“Oi, who said I wanted to visit the little shit?”

Hawks and Izuku both gave him an identical glare.

“The fact that you spent three days looking for me?” Izuku chirped.

“That was Birdbrains idea.” Dabi jerked his thumb towards Hawks.

“You’re the one that asked me if I’d seen Izuku lately!” Hawks pouted.

Izuku couldn’t help but grin as they fell into another one of their arguments. He’d grown used to just letting them get it out of their system. When he tried to stop them it only escalated the situation.

- - -

When Izuku got home that afternoon Shinsou had been taken to the UA teachers’ dorms and was rooming with Todoroki.

Shouta was slumped on the couch with an arm over his eyes and

Hizashi was cooking dinner. Izuku pouted when he realized that Hizashi was making his favorite food but he couldn't have any of it.

Icarus was in a patch of sunlight and grooming himself. For once, he wasn't tormenting everyone with his squawks.

"Shou?" Izuku leaned closer toward Shouta.

Shouta slowly pulled his arm away from his eyes. "What's up, kid?"

"I uh...I wanted to talk to you...about something." Izuku wasn't exactly sure how he was going to explain to Shouta what happened.

Shouta pulled his legs onto the couch and gestured for Izuku to sit beside him. A silent invitation for Izuku to continue.

Izuku sat down, fiddling with his fingers. "It's uhh It's about All Might." Izuku definitely noticed the way Shouta tensed up, his nails digging into his palm before he forced himself to relax.

"What about him?" Shouta asked, attempting to conceal his anger.

"You know how I've been having nightmares?" Shouta nodded. "Well uhh...the day I died. Well, I was stupid and grabbed onto All Might as he jumped away. He looked angry and seemed like he was in a hurry. But I didn't notice at the time and I asked him if I could be a hero."

Shouta prepared himself for the worst.

“He said ‘sure kid, what’s your quirk?’ and I almost lied to him and told him some random quirk but I figured, This is All Might he wouldn’t be like the others. So I told him the truth. I told him I was quirkless and he changed his mind. He said I couldn’t be a hero. That if I became one I would just end up getting other heroes killed.” Izuku was trembling as he remembered the last memory he had while he was alive.

Shouta couldn’t stop himself from clenching his fists this time.

“Then he- he left me. That day was so much. The kids in class kept telling me I should take a swan dive off a roof and my mom told me I should give up on being a hero too, that it was too dangerous. So, when my hero, my idol, crushed my dreams into a pulp I-I did it. I jumped. Not even 5 minutes after he’d left. I remember...Hawks...he uhh, he tried to save me but he was too far away and couldn’t catch me in time. He blamed himself for a long time until I visited him…” Izuku trailed off figuring it was better not to admit that Hawk’s was best friends with a villain.

Shouta felt his quirk activate. Shouta normally had great control over his quirk but the rage that was building up in his veins left him unable to control it. “ *He left you there?”* Shouta whispered but Izuku gulped at the anger that was dripping off of him.

Izuku nodded.

Shouta closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths. He didn’t need to lash out at Izuku. His anger would be taken out on that unthinking oaf of a hero. Oh. Oh he would definitely be punching All Might. *How dare All Might leave his kid on a roof after crushing his dreams* .

- - -

Hizashi wasn't able to contain his anger as well when Shouta retold Izuku's story. It took Hizashi 15 minutes of spewing threats before he was able to plop onto the couch and cross his arms, resembling an angry child.

"I'm gonna hit him," Hizashi huffed, glaring at the wall.

'Me too.' Shouta thought to himself.

- - -

Shouta had taken his class to the training fields with Hizashi the next day. In an attempt to keep himself from actually punching All Might because he knew Nezu would lecture him for hours and he didn't want to deal with that.

Izuku stayed nearby the entire time. The only time he left Shouta's side was to chat with Hagakure, Todoroki or Shinsou (who Hagakure and Izuku adopted into the friend group).

The class paired up and practiced quirkless sparring. Izuku watched them intently and made mental notes of how everyone could improve. Mina, from what Izuku had seen, was one of the best due to her fluidity. Hagakure was a close second because of her invisibility. Bakugou was definitely one of the best as well, purely due to his brute force however he still had the same attack pattern from middle school.

The class was fairly well behaved so far. Probably because they could sense the anger flooding off of their teachers. Shinsou looked like he was going to ask what was wrong but ended up not asking, probably

for the best since Shouta was snappy that morning.

Most of the class was taking breaks when shit hit the fan. Todoroki was offering Hagakure a hand towel and Shinsou was glaring at Todoroki (who'd dumped water on him to cool him off).

Bakugou was snarling threats to Kaminari and Mina who didn't look the least bit concerned.

Momo was softly conversing with Jirou and Iida about tactics they could use in their next spar.

And-

"I AM HERE!"

The entire class froze. Not because Izuku made the temperature drop. Not because Izuku made the ground rumble from his anger and fear.

No. The class froze because of the deadly rage that was spilling from Shouta and Hizashi.

Izuku wanted to go help calm them but he found himself stuck in place once again.

"Uhh...is it just me or is anyone else sensing some tension?" Kaminari laughed nervously, clutching onto Bakugou's arm. Mina, who was equally as nervous, was clutching onto Kaminari's arm.

Sero scratched his neck. “Nope. There’s definitely some tension going on.” Sero loudly whispered.

“Do you think All Might’s the reason they’ve been angry?” Jirou fiddled with the end of the earphones.

Momo rested a gentle hand on her shoulder. “I’m not sure.”

Iida blinked in shock at the three teachers. “Should we interfere?”

“No.” Hagakure and Todoroki said in unison. Their own anger was bubbling to the surface as well. Shinsou, who wasn’t aware of what happened between All Might and Izuku, looked confused but still stood strong beside his new friends.

All Might, however, seemed completely oblivious to the growing tension. “Ah, Aizawa! Just the person I was looking for!”

Ojiro, Shoji, and Kouda who were the closest to Shouta all took a few cautious steps backward when Shouta activated his quirk.

Shouta was glaring harshly at the horizon and clenching and unclenching his fists. Hizashi was openly glaring at All Might keeping his mouth shut because he knew he wouldn’t be able to contain his quirk and he wouldn’t risk hurting his students.

All Might stood behind Shouta and was about to clap Shouta on the shoulder when Shouta’s capture weapon came to life and shot around All Might’s neck and pulled him down.

The class gasped at the seemingly unprovoked violence. Iida was fidgeting and looked like he was about to run toward the school to grab a teacher to defuse the situation.

" *How dare you."* Shouta hissed quietly. Only those with enhanced hearing or those who could read lips understood what he said. The others could only sense the ever rising tension and gulp.

"Huh?" All Might said dumbly.

Shouta let out an angry breath, opening his eyes and glaring at All Might. "I said, *how fucking dare you* !" Shouta's entire body was tense with anger.

Izuku's trembling had died down seeing the protective anger that Shouta didn't hesitate to show.

All Might looked as if he were going to question Shouta again but was cut off from doing anything when Shouta drove his fist into All Might's face.

The sickening (yet satisfying) crunch echoed through the training fields. All Might was thrown a few feet back by the sheer force behind Shouta's punch. The capture weapon retreated from All Might's neck and returned to its original position.

More gasps and murmurs of confusion filled the fields. Even Bakugou was staring in shock.

Hizashi took his opportunity while All Might was down to punch him as well. Hizashi didn't hesitate to slam his fist into All Might's face,

definitely leaving one of his eyes swollen shut. Hizashi spat a few curses in All Might's direction before retreating behind Shouta.

"What the hell?" Bakugou muttered.

"Okay, class why don't we head back to the school and-"

"Sorry, Class Rep but no way." Sero cut Iida off while watching the heroes interact with wide eyes.

"What kind of stupid do you have to be to leave a kid, whose dreams you just crushed beneath your foot like an ant, on a roof?" Shouta looked like he was refraining from kicking All Might who was holding a hand to his nose that was trickling blood.

"Now, Now. I'm sure there must have been some sort of misunderstanding." All Might tried to soothe the situation even as his eyes darted to Izuku. A clear sign that there was no misunderstanding.

Shouta scoffed, "Misunderstanding, my ass."

Confused whispers were traded among the students trying to figure out exactly what they were talking about.

"Surely you haven't forgotten, All Might." Shouta's words were laced with venom. "Wide innocent green eyes? Green curly hair? Dreams to be a hero? *Dreams you crushed.* "

Bakugou's eyes shot towards Shouta with a bewildered expression. "Deku?"

Kaminari and Mina gave Bakugou a confused look but he didn't notice.

All Might was staring at Izuku with a haunted expression.

"Get out of my sight. Don't ever come near me, my students or my kid again." Shouta shoved All Might away from him and watched as All Might silently retreated back towards the school, leaving a field full of very confused hero students in his wake.

Hizashi leaned towards Shouta. "How are we going to explain that to the kiddies?"

Shouta turned to look towards the students. "Hell if I know." Shouta dragged his hand down his face.

Hizashi flashed them a grin. "Any chance you kiddies will forget that ever happened?"

The class erupted into questions leaving Hizashi pouting "I didn't think so."

- - -

Izuku was floating beside Shouta on the couch. Hizashi was sitting on the floor playing with the kittens.

"You called me your kid." Izuku finally said. The words had been

echoing in his head all afternoon.

“I also broke All Might’s nose, got a lecture from Nezu and got another lecture from Chiyo. What of it?” Shouta groaned, rubbing his forehead to try and relieve the headache the 3 hour lecture gave him.

“Did you mean it?” Izuku turned towards Shouta.

Shouta pulled his hand from his forehead and met Izuku’s eyes. “Of course, I did, you little parasite.”

Izuku felt himself solidify as a wave of joy washed over him. “Does this mean I get to call you dad?”

Shouta rolled his eyes. “Anything is better than Shou.”

Hizashi turned towards the couch when he heard Izuku’s voice.

Izuku seemed to think on it for a while before grinning. “Okay, Dadzawa.”

Hizashi snorted. Shouta groaned. “Nevermind.” He turned away from Izuku in fake annoyance to hide his smile.

“I don’t know what you’re laughing about Yamadad.” Izuku tried the same thing with Hizashi but it only ended up in Hizashi squealing.

“I love it!”

Shouta rolled his eyes. “Of course you do.”

Hizashi pointed an accusing finger in Shouta’s direction. “You like Dadzawa too. Don’t deny it!”

“Whatever,” Shouta grumbled. Sinking into the couch and hiding his smile behind the blanket he’d stolen from the Bubbles who was curled up beside him.

- - -

Izuku did end up naming the next cat they adopted. The small kitten had followed him home one day and remained nameless for a few days before Izuku settled on the name Cloud.

Shouta and Hizashi both loved the name. It was bittersweet to hear at first, it reminded them of their deceased friend but after seeing Izuku and Cloud chase each other around the apartment their temporary sadness faded.

(and Todoroki definitely has a theory about Shinsou being Shouta’s kid.)

End Notes

hey y'all! I hope you liked this! It took a long while to write but I'm really proud of it mwuahah

(Dabi and Hawks were a last minute addition so- uhh hope y'all enjoyed that small scene lmao)

As always, if you enjoyed please leave a comment! I love reading and responding to them.

also if you have any bnha (mainly dadzawa,dadmic, or dadmight) suggestions for me to write then you can leave em in the comments or on my insta

Insta: voidslaughter

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!